JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page iii. of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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Vol. VI. No. 158. Saturday, June 12th, 1909. One Penny.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE is going to be a big thing. Since our announcement in last week's issue we have been besieged. It has been quite impossible to acknowledge, even formally, the offers of help and promises of co-operation which have been showered upon us; and we must throw ourselves upon the indulgence of our friends. During the next few months we shall hope to complete all preliminary arrangements—including the appointment of Local Secretaries and the Organisation of Branches in all the important centres of the United Kingdom. Then, early in the autumn, we will have a great inaugural gathering in London to adopt the Constitution and Rules of the League, and to afford an opportunity for fully expounding its policy. In the meantime, we will keep our readers regularly advised of the progress of the scheme.

To-day (Thursday) the Government will secure the second reading of the Finance Bill, and in a few days' time we shall be in the throes of the Committee stage. How long that will take is more than we will venture to prophecy, but the time is drawing near when the Bill will find its way to the House of Lords. And what will happen then? Will the Peers reject it *en bloc*, or amend it by striking out the Land clauses? We now lean to the latter idea. Still, the result to the Government must be the same, *unless*—but surely the cup must be full by now!

No smoke without fire—but Mr. Churchill is *not* going to India. It does not follow, however, that he will remain at the Board of Trade. Winston and Trade! They don't seem to blend. And what is this we hear about Mr. Burns?

The Bishop of London says:

> I could venture for twenty minutes to fool 200 adults, but I should never venture to do it with 200 children. They would find me out in five minutes.

We can quite believe they would. But this is the first Bishop to plead guilty to fooling people.

Everybody who has been brought into personal contact with Dr. Hermann Adler, the Jewish Chief Rabbi, as well as his own co-religionists in all parts of the world, will congratulate him on his seventieth birthday. One thinks of wisdom and sunshine as one looks at him, and there is about him an air of benevolence which is good to see. In our congratulations we join the lady who has for so many years been wife and helpmeet to him in that full measure of which he is never tired of making loving acknowledgment.

Pity the distresses of a poor Premier. The Suffragettes have pursued him even into the private golf links at Clovelly Court. Instead of asking them to afternoon tee, however, he requested the police to remove them. This sort of interruption to his holiday exercise is enough to put any golfer off his game and drive him into a bunker. It is not only a gross impertinence, but an intolerable nuisance. One would think that even the Suffragettes would call an armistice while Mr. Asquith was making the most of his short Whitsuntide holiday; but apparently there is no close time in their campaign.

We commend the following facts to the attention of the Government. They are sent us by a reader, who vouches for them:—

> At Osborne Naval College is a boy, aged 13, by name Doelberg (quite German). How did he get into the English Navy? His father is a mantle manufacturer, of Knightrider Street, E.C., his mother an Englishwoman, "Maltby" before marriage by name. His father took out his Naturalisation Papers about four years ago. The boy's mother has a brother holding a good position in the Navy, Maltby by name; and through this influence, no doubt, the boy got in the English Navy. But look at the danger! He has an uncle (father's brother) holding a good position in Krupp's gun factory in Germany.

We do not, of course, cast the slightest reflection upon young Doelberg. For aught we know, he is animated by motives of sincere patriotism for his adopted country, but we wish he hadn't an uncle at Krupp's, all the same. Perhaps some day we shall see the wisdom of amending the Naturalisation Act by providing that only British born subjects shall be eligible for our Army and Navy.

And here is another instructive item. An inquest was recently held at Portland into the death of a sailor of H.M.S. *Leda*, and the first witness called was the Lieutenant Commander. The name of this British officer was—what do you think? *Otto Hermann Stahlknecht!* Hoch, hoch, hoch, and God Save the King!

Apropos the retirement on full pension of Colonel Nathan, Superintendent of the Royal Gunpowder Factory and of the Royal Small Arms Factory, to take up a position at Nobels' at £2,500 a year, a reader says: "Poor devils who have saved a few shillings against their compulsory retirement are not allowed a State pension. Why shou'd Civil Servants be allowed to take on other jobs after a grateful country has granted them a handsome retiring old age pension?" Perhaps the Secretary to the Treasury will oblige us with a reply.

One of our Lancashire readers, an unmarried lady, recently received a circular from Mr. H. A. Scott Barrett, the hon. treasurer of the Crosby and District Company of the Seventh Battalion King's Liverpool Regiment of the Territorial Army, asking for a donation towards the building of a drill shed. And this is how the request is made: "*If you cannot help by providing a man in defence of your country*, can I appeal to you for a donation?" The lady has replied that she has no money to spare, but that she will bear the rest of the letter in mind.

Here is an advertisement from the *Daily News*:—

CHRISTIAN Young Lady Required, as Shorthand Typist. Must believe that Jesus is the Christ and the Saviour of the world. Please state qualifications and salary required, and enclose photo., which will be returned.—Apply to Box 2,181 L, "Daily News," Fleet-st., London.

We wonder who secured the job—the young lady who sent the prettiest photo, or the one who asked the lowest salary. As regards the religious qualification, we predict it was a dead-heat between the lot.

Here is a funny story, which we give in the words of our informant:—

> Not long ago there was an important seizure in Cairo of smuggled hasheesh or bang, for which our Government has had to pay £2,000. The duty (about 40s. per pound) was supposed to have killed the trade in it, and for a long time the Egyptian authorities were at a loss to know how at certain times there was a plentiful supply to be had, and not until a Customs Officer was put on the right track by a well-known smuggler was the mystery solved.
>
> The Customs Officer meeting the smuggler at Port Said, asked him how he was getting on. The smuggler replied: "Damned rough, and pretty well starving, and likely to be so long as you spend so much time watching us, and let the bang get through so easy." The officer offered him a sum of money if he would tell him how it was managed, which he refused, saying he wasn't going to give the show away unless it was made worth his while. Fearing the smuggler was "having him on," he challenged him to prove he was in the know, which he did by telling him there would be plenty to be had in Cairo after a certain Wednesday. It was so. Then the officer, with the sanction of his chiefs, came to terms with the smuggler, who told him to search the transports from India, which was done; with the result that ten casks of it were seized on the *Braemar Castle*, consigned as medical stores. That means that some responsible person aboard must have been in league with his subordinates, and the question arises, are the right ones being punished, or some defenceless underlings made the scapegoats? Or is the case being hushed up? That such a pernicious drug could be got through by such means is a disgrace to the service.

We must put a question down.

Apparently it would be a public advantage if the glaringly teetotal paused in their denunciation of "the iniquitous traffic in alcohol" to impede the iniquitous traffic in elderberry wine. Only a few days ago a member of the Church of England Temperance Society consumed three glasses of this luscious nectar—"a thing I had never before in my life, sir," he told the Lambeth magistrate subsequently. The wine consumed, he emerged into the ways of men, reeling drunk, and a policeman perceiving his condition, took him into careful keeping. "It overcame me," was his explanation; he lost his feet and had to be carried. "I don't know what kind of head you have got if three glasses of elderberry wine got into it," commented the magistrate. Nor do we; but, after all, it may have been a matter of stomach. Elderberry wine! Pschew!

The *Daily Telegraph* was somewhat ambiguous when it announced that, at a memorial service to the late Mr. Meredith, "The anthem to be sung by the choir is Wesley's 'All go to one place.' There will be *no address*."

We shake hands in the spirit with the Rev. O. G. Mackie, of Leeds, who, we learn, has started a boys' club from which Sunday-school scholars are banned! It is a quaint idea. But there is something in it. Rightly or wrongly, the potential hooligan has a holy contempt generally for being mistaken for a good little boy. He is not so bad as he is painted, as a rule, or as he paints himself very often: this has been proved time and again by sensible parsons like the Rev. Cartmel Robinson and others, who know how to take him in hand. The Leeds cleric provides billiards, boxing, and hot baths among other things for those Leeds boys who go to no Sunday-school but prefer these healthy delights to scrapping with their fellows and bashing their sisters in the public streets. It is a capital scheme, and it seems likely to justify itself by a huge success. More parsons who understand human nature are sorely needed.

Although we differ as heartily from half the things the Socialists say and do and want as we agree with the other half, we know that they include in their number some of the ablest living Englishmen. Mr. H. G. Wells may or may not be one of them, notwithstanding that very little doubt exists in his own mind on the point. Rumour says that he is writing a new novel of which English Socialism forms the background, and that in this work some of its figures will be badly mauled. Meanwhile, he is being impertinent. Why he should feel called upon to tell the Rev. R. J. Campbell what he thinks of Mr. H. M. Hyndman, for instance, puzzles us. When Mr. Wells has half the claims to the respect of the English workers that Mr. Hyndman has established by thirty years of hard self-sacrificing and often dangerous work for democracy he will be a much older, more useful and perhaps less perky person than he is. We have no sympathy with some of Mr. Hyndman's views—not to mention the violence with which he ventilates them. But the man who sets him down as a mere ill-tempered doctrinaire writes himself down as ignorant of the last quarter of a century's political history, and as contemptibly weak in his judgment of men. Mr. Wells is constitutionally a pro-Puritan, whilst Mr. Hyndman is not. A Collectivist in politics, Mr. Hyndman is an individualist in morals. Keir Hardie and his friends wish to standardise morals by Act of Parliament even more than they wish to Socialise politics, and it can't be done.

We sometimes feel obliged to speak harshly of the magistracy. It is, therefore, a pleasant relief to pat Alderman J. W. Wilding and Mr. F. Wooldridge, of Crewe, on their respective backs, Epsom-fashion. A youth was brought before them on a charge of travelling by train without a ticket. Like the person in the poem, he wanted to go to Birmingham (almost an offence in itself, according to Jim Crow), but he drifted to the other place, and was promptly locked up. It appears that he had been invalided from the Marines with a good character, had tramped about the country in a vain search for work, and was starving when the police arrested and fed him. Now some magistrates would have given the poor fellow a sharp sentence as a rogue and a vagabond. Not so, however, Messrs. Wilding and Wooldridge. They actually gave him enough money to enable him to rejoin his friends. Other administrators of the law, please copy.

We have received a copy of the programme of the London Congregational Union (Central Mission), and we regret, with tears in our eyes, that one of the conspicuous attractions is a Junior Ale Club. We gather that the Rev. George Hooper is to address it on "The other side of things," which sounds like bimetalism. The appropriate anthem will, doubtless, be "Glorious, glorious Beer."

House-hunters are often humbugged by specious advertisements, but we think the zenith of impudence is reached by an announcement which caught our eye in the *Morning Post*: "PICCADILLY (15 minutes from)" it began. By the grace of God and a swift tube-train, 15 minutes from Piccadilly might almost be at Bethnal or Walham Green. But the immediate impression is that of the district known as "clubland" or "*the* West End." We often wonder what is the origin of the latter imbecility, which is used not only in the slums but in the uttermost parts of Kensington—beyond—Jordan. As Whistler once said, "West End of what?"

An amusing little book, called "Cassock and Comedy" (Pearson, 1s.), contains some frank revelations about "temperance" work:—

> The temperance idea is ruined by its intemperate advocates. I must admit when opponents, as we call the non-abstainers, stood up against us in debate, we were beaten, and badly beaten. . . . . During my time I succeeded in getting men to take the pledge, but I am convinced that I did more good when I resigned my position in the C.E.T.S., and appealed to men to give up excess rather than give up beer altogether. "I can take beer without getting drunk. Are you not man enough to do the same?" This, I often found, produced the required result, and I heartily recommend it to my brother clergy.

Bravo, Mr. Parson!

The good people of Trefriw, near Llanrwst, appear to possess a remarkable kind of rector; whether they rejoice in him, we know not. In a sense, the Rev. John Gower is self-revealed by voluntary effort. He commenced an action in the Llanrwst County Court a few days ago against the Widow Davies, executrix of her late husband, for £66 3s., "money lent, and arrears of rent." Then it came out that the parson makes the best of both worlds. He runs a sawmill, and when the late Mr. Davies was on earth the rev. gentleman employed him there at £1 a week. Subsequently he raised the man's wages to 25s., but, in order to balance matters, he at the same time raised the rent of the house he had let to him. He also sold him some furniture, took a promissory note, dated on a Sunday, to cover the amount involved in the transaction, stipulated for 5 per cent., which the man paid from 1893 to 1905, 60 per cent. of the principal, and sued the widow for the amount still due, though he had insured the deceased for £100 and had already drawn the money. In addition, the widow gave the rector the order for the coffin, for which she paid him £4 10s., and "she paid a further sum of £2 12s. to him relative to the funeral." He seems to have always dealt personally with the woman's husband while he was alive, and then tried to shift the responsibility upon her as soon as the poor man was dead. Naturally he did not succeed. On the whole, the Rev. John Gower must be unique, even among parsons.

Parson F. H. Davis, of Blairgowrie, has been invited to join the ministerial throng who will hie them to Geneva in July for the Calvin celebrations there. "Sir," he has replied to the secretary of the committee, "to tour with a horde of schismatics would be worse than purgatory to me. Not even if you were to give me a 'free' would I join a party of such depraved-in-taste creatures as Kirkers—as any kind of dissenters from the Church. I affect only decent society." We hope he is fortunate enough to get what he affects. It is only fair to warn him however, that when he gets to heaven he will probably meet some Calvinists.

Discontent is growing at Constantinople. Moslems and Christians alike recognise that the only results of the revolution have been to imprison the Sultan, to steal his money, to hang his faithful servants, to maintain martial law and to abolish all liberty of thought, word or deed. Stranger things than a restoration of Abdul Hamid have happened ere now.

We have no sympathy with people who chauff motor-cars and motor-cycles beyond the speed limits prescribed by law. A traveller who uses his motor-cycle for business purposes was fined by the Hayward's Heath magistrates £8 10s. 9d. in all for a first offence of riding at an excessive speed. He pointed out to them that he did not know anything of the police regulations which restricted his speed to 10 miles an hour, evidently forgetting the old maxim, *Ignorantia non excusat legem;* which, being interpreted, means that ignorance of the whereabouts of the policeman is no excuse for the supposition that he isn't looking. While this is so, the Hayward's Heath magistrates ought certainly to have a common judicial perspective in estimating the offences of motorists. Instead, they appear to judge cases according as they feel benevolent or otherwise for the time being. For instance, while the motor-cyclist was fined this considerable sum, a chauffeur, proved drunk in charge of a motor-car which was "wobbling all over the road," was fined only 40s. and costs, though the magistrates themselves stated that he "might have been sent to prison without the option of a fine for endangering human life." Then why wasn't he?

Apropos of our remarks *re* Lincoln, a soldier of a regiment stationed at Pembroke Dock thinks we shall pity his sorrows also. He tells us that recently the town authorities prosecuted the only man who opened on Sundays to sell ice-cream and cigarettes to Tommy Atkins. He adds that on Sundays the place is "like Goldsmith's Deserted Village. Nobody even smiles," says he. "The pubs close on Sunday, as you may guess; there is no music-hall, and Cardiff is four hours' journey from here. Even the band of the Welsh regiment plays hymns, in deference, no doubt, to the Stigginses who reside in Pembroke Dock. I know you will sympathise with me." We do.

Though all flesh is grass, it does not follow that all grass is for flesh. Certainly it isn't in Sunderland. There grass is sacred. There is not a single blade in any public park in Sunderland on which a child dare press its playful feet. A few days ago the local magistrate solemnly sat to adjudge the awful offence of a boy charged with "going over the grass in the Roker Park." According to the evidence of the park-keeper, "the defendant and another lad were playing with a ball on the park on the 13th inst. They went over the grass several times, and would not desist when spoken to. The bench considered the case proved, and imposed a fine of 5s. and costs." The explanation must be that grass is more difficult to grow in Sunderland than cabbages or orchids, and is there merely to look at. But as boys will be boys, why not surround it with a glass screen ten feet high?

The purchase of the Duchess of Milan is not very edifying, particularly when we remember that the Treasury dole of £10,000 is only part of the dealer Colnaghi's commission. No doubt it sounded very kind of the Duke of Norfolk to let us look at his picture in the National Gallery, but this turns out to have been only an astute manœuvre to raise the price. We may be Philistines, but we must say that no picture on earth can be worth £72,000, the pleasure and profit derivable from works of art being restricted to the very few. It would be interesting to know precisely how many people will go to see the Holbein, and how many of them will be attracted merely by curiosity. We hope none of our readers will subscribe towards the £6,500 now asked for by the guarantors of the fund.

Mr. Carnegie has been explaining "how he would fight for peace." According to the pictures, he would imitate the methods of the windmill.

The magistrates and police of Gainsborough have had to deal with a girl of fifteen under the Vagrancy Act. The girl had arrived at Gainsborough in company with a man who left her. The police found her begging, and charged her. They discovered that at one time she had been an inmate of a home, and had been provided with a situation, which she had left. She had a stepfather, whose whereabouts she did not know. As she was over fourteen years of age, she could not be dealt with under the Children Act, and could not be sent to the workhouse against her will. The magistrates did not wish to send her to gaol, and they therefore sentenced her to a day's imprisonment, which, apparently, meant nothing more than that she was kept in custody until the police had time to escort her to Marton, some few miles from Lincoln. At Marton the police left her to her own resources. Gainsborough had done with her. She would have to tramp to Lincoln, where, for awhile, she will probably drift helpless and hopeless until she is finally engulfed in the whirlpools of vice and vagrancy which wreck so many young lives. Probably the magistrates and the police did everything legally required of them; but it does seem a pity that they made no effort to find somebody in Gainsborough who would have seen in the case a moral problem demanding solution by an attempt at moral rescue. To push this young girl back again into the sweeping current of life, without guide and without protection, is surely a scandal to our legal system and a discredit to our humanity.

We have received an interesting letter from a correspondent who modestly describes himself as "a lad who has had little or no experience of the world." He recently heard a preacher argue that "our first thought should be for the purity of the soul, not for material wealth." This prompted the following reflections: "Take a business man with a wife and large young family. He finds that, owing to the keenness of competition and the unscrupulous methods of business adopted by his rivals, he is quite unable to make both ends meet by pursuing an honest and straightforward policy towards all with whom he does business. If he does not adopt their methods, he is certain to go under. Now what is he to do? If he becomes insolvent, it will not only mean his own ruin, but that of his wife and family also. His love for them, his earnest desire that their future shall be bright and happy, prompt him to imitate his rivals. He becomes as unscrupulous as they, his business thrives, there are peace and content in the home. Has he sinned? Does he feel any qualms? I think not, because he has done it for the sake of his family, not for his own." This inexperienced lad should go far. At the same time, honesty is a commercial asset—and a rare one, too.

The acquittal on appeal of the three Midnapur prisoners previously sentenced to long terms of transportation by the Sessions Court, puts the Indian police on their defence. Originally they made not fewer than 150 persons "suspect" under allegations of a widespread conspiracy of assassination. Of these 26 were brought to trial. In November last 23 of them were released on the admission of an informer that he had trumped up the evidence, the other three being subsequently sentenced as stated. The reason now given by the High Court for quashing the sentences is that the police extorted confessions by irregular and improper methods, and that the theory of the defence that the bomb found in the house at Midnapur was probably put there by the police themselves, with the object of securing a conviction, cannot be disregarded as baseless. Be the unrest in certain districts of India what it may, it is vital to British interests that our Indian judicial administration should be characterised by an inflexible justice. It is to the honour and credit of the Calcutta High Court that its judges have set themselves above panic and above supposed political exigencies. There is a serious case for inquiry into the methods and conduct of the police.

The Boy Scouts are growing almost too realistic. We are sorry to hear of a casualty among them—a poor little chap falling into a pit and losing his life. We also notice that some young desperadoes enlivened their scouting operations by burning three hedges on a farm. No doubt they will soon drift into further methods of barbarism, such as the destruction of happy homesteads, looting, sacking, plundering and terrorising like licentious soldiery in a "penny dreadful."

In the course of some festivities in connection with the marriage of his son, Mr. H. R. Mansfield, M.P., seems to have considered it important to raise the question of the woman's "obey" in the marriage ceremony. In the service at the local Presbyterian chapel this little word was not used. "Although the bride promised many things," said Mr. Mansfield, "she did not promise to obey her future husband. Everybody knew that the promise to obey was one that was not as a rule strictly observed in married life." On the other hand, everybody knows that a woman who doesn't obey her husband in the sense of anticipating his wishes by wheedling him to her own has yet to learn the one infallible method of managing the brute. "Obey" is merely the question of a word, and a wise woman, one would think, would not bother about it. Mr. Mansfield in this matter is but an echo of the strong-minded female who wants to wear the never-mention-em's. And they are not suitable raiment for a lady.

According to several reporters, Canon Horsley told his audience at the annual meeting of the Curates' Augmentation Fund that "the laity of the Church are a sponging lot; they are ready to get all they can out of their parsons in every possible way, and they would borrow 5s. just as readily as they call them knaves behind their backs." This presents a new view of things. We always thought it was the parsons who did the sponging, and the fact that when they send round the collecting bag they occasionally receive a proportion of buttons has never altered our general view. The spectacle of the laity borrowing five-shilling pieces from the clergy would be so interesting that we respectfully request the Canon to indicate to us where it may be observed. We hope he has not laid up many I O U's himself.

Apparently it will be a considerable time before the Chancellor of the Exchequer knows what he will have to draw from the estate of the late Mr. Charles Morrison, that apostle of the Simple Life who is said to have died leaving between £12,000,000 and £15,000,000 behind him. He never smoked, was extremely temperate in drink, kept neither carriages, horses, yachts, nor motor-cars, and seems generally to have disguised himself so thoroughly in the City that hardly anybody knew him. Nevertheless, it is hoped he thoroughly enjoyed himself in his own little way, and that he gave away some of his millions with his right hand in such a manner that his left hand did not know what the other one was doing. We should not like to keep his memory green as a reminder of what a wonderful deal of good a rich man never did.

We have often drawn attention to the danger of having so weak a Foreign Minister as Sir Edward Grey. Take the Congo scandal, for instance. He has been very glib in his diplomatic notes, but the Belgians only reply with vague generalities, clearly demonstrating that they do not take him seriously. And now the Germans are trying to nobble the Czar, thus neutralising the vaunted results of the famous visit to Reval. If the Government is to retain the confidence of the country, Sir Edward Grey must go. And the other Whig ministers would not be missed if they were simultaneously dismissed.

Most of us, when we want sanitary powder, go and buy it in tins; we do not expect to find it in our bread. Yet, it seems, if we sought carefully and scientifically enough, we might easily find it there. The County analyst for Cheshire says that flour is bleached, "particularly in America," with peroxide of nitrogen, which not only renders the resultant bread less nutritious, but "gives to it in addition antiseptic properties." Such properties may have their uses in a bread poultice, or even in a railway sandwich, but only those upon whom the drug habit has fixed itself with peculiar malignancy can really hunger for peroxide of nitrogen with their matutinal pat of butter. America also sends us "Dutch-Cheshire" cheese that is not at all what it should be, but is mainly a drink, containing 50 per cent. of water. Time we had some kind of Protection.

We always thought that Mrs. Carrie Nation had an axe to grind, outside the promotion of "temperance" by the smashing of public-house windows and unprovoked assaults on innocent beer-pumps. When she came to England it was mentioned that Carrie and her little hatchet had, by their joint efforts, raised enough money in America to buy a country house, which she had devoted to charitable purposes. We expressed the hope that Carrie, by her trip to this country, would compile a second fortune and would promptly buy another house and go and live quietly in it. We are glad to hear that she has now done this. Therefore, the Liberal Government will have no rival over here in its anti-Trade campaign, and the Tubes will be able to display pictorial advertisements of cigarette firms without danger of further molestation.

A very minor poet, having been damned with very faint praise by the *Times*, which said his work was "marked by accomplishment in the sonnet form," is turning himself head over heels with delight and spending his pocket money in whole-page advertisements to attract the readers of obscure prints. This is how the puffy afflatus vents itself: "With that great enterprise which so distinguishes it, the *Times* apportioned to the book its first review. Here it is in letters of gold." The printer, however, had apparently run out of gold (as printers sometimes do), so the contemptuous remark about "accomplishment" appears in ordinary black. The pæan, however, continues to rend the welkin: "Of such noble and generous praise author and publishers alike may well be proud. . . . The price is still 2s. 6d. net, though the encomiums *(sic)* of the *Times* might well have justified an increase." We admit that the *Times* has been over-generous, but surely it is not noble to encourage bad verse. However, the *Times* has never been conspicuous as an authority on either poetry or art.

WORRIED LOOKS.—XXX.

DR. FADDCRANK KILLJOY AND THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For exhibiting a notice "Ladies," with a finger pointing to the Purser's Room, and another notice, "Gentlemen," with a finger pointing to a door marked "Valuable parcel room,"
THE OWNERS OF THE CALAIS-DOVER BOAT, *DOVER*,
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For saying, apropos our Open Letter to Mr. Taprell Holland, J.P., based upon its own report of the case referred to, that "It would be extremely interesting to know from what source the report reached JOHN BULL. *Whoever was responsible must have possessed very elementary knowledge of the facts underlying the case,"*
THE WATERFORD NEWSLETTER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following entry in their minutes: "Police report the straying of a pig on Sheapen Road. Resolved that the town clerk communicate with the offender warning HIM *against committing any offence in future."*
THE COLCHESTER TOWN COUNCIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following advertisement:—"Wanted, for gentleman's private use, at once Laundress (single-handed) and Kitchen Tweenymaid."
THE NORTH DEVON JOURNAL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "a TRAM *alleged to have kicked Mrs. McKeown to death on a lonely Donegal road because she refused him money, has been arrested after an exciting chase."*
THE BRISTOL ECHO
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For alluding to Edinburgh, Dublin, and Glasgow as "*ENGLISH *towns."*
THE MORNING LEADER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Morris Reubens "groaned in pitiful fashion, being assisted by the doctor,"
THE LIVERPOOL EVENING EXPRESS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For alluding to "the first annual meeting of the Society for the EXTERMINATION OF VERMIN AT 20, HANOVER SQUARE."
THE DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For alluding to "a small Illinois shop THROUGH WHICH A RAILROAD RAN,"
THE STAR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "if the Borough Treasurer proved that he was incompetent for the work, then they must look out for someone who was,"
COUNCILLOR CRONIN, OF FULHAM,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing that a fresco in the cathedral "represents God the Father one-third of the natural size,"
THE MEMBERS OF BUDAPEST MUNICIPALITY
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For advertising "Owing to my accident, work will be done by experienced men,"
A WATCHMAKER AT MAIDSTONE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For printing the following under the heading of "Latest Racing": "19th Hussars won the Cavalry Cup by two goals to one. Sydall scored the winning goal,"
THE EASTERN EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a marriage has been arranged between Mr. Charles B. L. Tennyson, SECOND SON OF THE LATE HON. LIONEL TENNYSON AND OF MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, *and Miss Ivy Pretious, of the Free Trade Union,*
THE BIRMINGHAM DAILY POST
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE GREAT WHITE CITY SHAM.

PLAIN WORDS ABOUT KIRALFY'S LATEST SHOW.

If, upon putting in an appearance on May 22nd in the grounds of the Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush, we had been greeted by that wonderful "genius," Mr. Imre Kiralfy, with the words addressed by Joseph to his brethren when they went down into Egypt to buy corn, "To see the nakedness of the land ye are come," the expression would have had much more truth in it than it had on the original occasion. Indeed, it was "to see the nakedness of the land" we had come. Last year a perfect deluge of rain, and the spread of countless umbrellas, hid a good deal of the "nakedness"; but the people who were there then made up their minds that they must defer their second visit for some weeks if they wished to see the show complete. For ourselves, we gave the "management" until August 1st to complete its work, and it was actually after that date when the front entrance was painted.

A Gross Piece of Impertinence.

What that entrance was like on the opening day, and what dangers were in store for those who made use of it, were well described at the time. It was a gross piece of impertinence to ask the Prince of Wales to take part in such an unfinished spectacle. We wish that the late Duke of Cambridge had been alive, and had performed the opening ceremony, in which case Mr. Kiralfy would have had some truths pressed home in the usual forcible manner—the manner which appears to have reached perfection among our soldiers in Flanders on a certain occasion—to such an extent that he would have remembered them until his dying day. This year the entrance is closed, and we imagine likely to remain so. Why the great expense incurred in making it and the long wooden passage to the main building was incurred is known best to those who planned them. This passage was, from the commencement nothing but a delusion and a snare; and even the alluring invitation to "Come and see the eight crystal halls"—*Anglice* sheds—did not tempt many people to pass in that way.

Worse than Last Year.

One would have thought that last year's experience would have taught the Director-General some wisdom, and that an effort would have been made to *partly* finish the work before the doors were opened to the public; but as far as the Exhibition itself is concerned, matters are ten times worse than they were before; and how the Duke of Argyll could have been prevailed upon to countenance such a sham, and what they showed him when they got him there, passes our comprehension. It is true that many of the amusements are in full swing, and these are the items which bring grist to the mill of Mr. Kiralfy and his family party, but we should imagine that a large portion of the 250,000 people who are *said* to have been present on Bank Holiday would want something more for the money they paid for entrance to the Exhibition, and would object to continually putting their hands in their pockets. There is one much-vaunted amusement—the "Witching Waves"—which reminds us of a so-called "automatic" photographic machine at an exhibition at Chelsea some years ago, which required two men to assist it. Here, to begin with, the "waves" are much more unreal-looking than even theatrical waves; and the cars have such a habit of stopping in their course that men are placed at intervals to assist them.

Like the "World's Fair."

There is much more bunkum in the term "Imperial International" than there was in the *Entente Cordiale* business, and up to the present time some such a title as the "World's Fair" would best describe the enterprise. It is very strange, but somehow the majority of people seem to have an intuition which guides them in such matters, and consequently there has not been much of a rush to the turnstiles. Last year, at all times after noon there were crowds of carriages and motors at the doors and in the neighbourhood, and in the evening miles of cabs in a line. On the night of our visit, when we went in about six o'clock, all we could see were two motors, a cab and a four-wheeler, and when we came out there were three taxis, two motors, a cab and a four-wheeler.

On the left of the main entrance we first came to the "Irish Section," in which there were two stalls complete, two or three partially so, with the others empty, and the remaining space occupied by packing-cases, and there was not one visitor present. In the next compartment about half of the stalls were filled, and there were about twenty visitors. The large buildings on the south side of the Court of Honour in which there was such a beautiful display of French goods last year, were closed and nearly empty. Some kind person had rubbed a small portion of the whitewash off the doors of every building, and thus our work of "spying out the nakedness of the land" was much assisted.

Turning to the left at the end of the Court of Honour, we came to "Lyons' Popular Café," with room for hundreds of visitors, but there were hardly as many customers as waitresses. The music of the band in this neighbourhood was being listened to by about a couple of score of people. Next came two large buildings, closed and empty. The next building is labelled "Historic Government and Industrial Exhibits," a small number of which were placed, but the others were absent. In the "Machinery Hall" there were a few pieces of machinery and a few miscellaneous exhibits, and acres of empty space, which may or may not be filled up.

Some Interesting Features.

In the "Health and Pleasure Resorts Section" there were a number of attractive pictures of British and foreign watering places. This section, when finished, will be one of the most interesting features of the Exhibition; but from the fuss that has been made about it we expected something more realistic than pictures. There were, perhaps, two hundred visitors in this department.

The "palaces" occupied last year by Canada, Australia, India and New South Wales were closed and empty, but New Zealand had sent a very fine display of its products.

Alas! too, the "palace" occupied—or supposed to be occupied—by the noted French restaurateur, Paillard, was empty and closed; and so was the next large building, which was, however, marked "reserved," and so there is some prospect of that being filled.

The "Arts and Crafts Section" was closed and empty, and so was, for the most part, the "Applied Chemistry Department."

Coming back, to the entrance hall, and starting on the northern side, we found matters in a somewhat more forward state, the first gallery being fairly filled with British and foreign objects of art. Then there was a small passage with its walls lined with pictures.

The large building on the northern side of the Court of Honour was more or less filled with sculpture, jewellery, pottery, castings, china, glass and armour, mostly from Italy, and a great many of the exhibits are very beautiful. In the Persian part of the building there were some lovely carpets and rugs, and some fine furs in the Russian department. This will be the best show of all when it is completed.

The "Art Palace" of last year is devoted to "Decorative Arts," but it was closed and very nearly empty; and the neighbouring Imperial Sports Club was closed too.

The "Woman's Palace" was fairly filled with laces, needlework, jewellery, bookbinding, pictures, artificial flowers, dresses and nursing appliances.

A Ghastly Failure.

The one improvement in the place is the erection of the central tower in the "Elite Gardens," under one of the canopies of which there has been placed a statue of the King, which was publicly unveiled on "Empire Day"; but we shall be much surprised if even this bid will bring any members of the Royal Family to Shepherd's Bush this year. If we are not mistaken they have had enough and to spare of Mr. Kiralfy and his methods.

The grounds have been well attended to, including the regravelling of the walks; but, as these had either not been rolled at all, or rolled very badly, the act of walking with anything like thinly-soled boots on was a painful operation.

On the whole, after a careful perambulation of the place, we must pronounce the whole affair, except the amusements, a ghastly failure—a failure so great as to be utterly incredible to those who have not seen it; and we shall not be much surprised if that lease of twenty-five years is offered for sale for building purposes before the close of the year.

BUY BOTTOMLEY'S BOOK.

POPULAR EDITION - - - 1/-

On Sale Everywhere.

THE COLONEL AND THE DUBLIN POLICE.

TROUBLE BREWING.

It is admitted that there are few bodies of men in the world of their profession finer in physique, in loyalty, and in ability than the Dublin Metropolitan Police force. If you know anybody who has "done" Dublin, ask him, and he will hold out for half-an-hour about the policeman, who, next to Guinness's Brewery, is the pride of the city. It is a pity that the Dublin Robert is in trouble, and in a state of mind that may one day lead him to such a mutiny as broke out in the force twenty years ago, when it took the entire military garrison, mounted and foot, to do his work for over a week.

The British Government has a fashion of giving "soft jobs" and sinecures, and the plums of office generally, to white-haired boys, irrespective of whether they are fit for the posts or not. If they are not fit for them, they have subordinates under them who are. The subordinates do the work, the Chief bags the pay. When the late Chief Commissioner of the D.M.P. retired, his place was not filled by the Chief Superintendent, second in command, who knew the city and everybody in it, who knew everything to be known about police law, and who knew, most important of all, how to handle the more frisky members of society when they turned out in mobs to hurroosh around and paint the city red. No. The job was one of the big plums, and it was given to Colonel Sir John Ross of Bladensburg, an ex-Guardsman, who no doubt may have been a good soldier, but lacked all the knowledge supposed to be stowed in the head of the man who would successfully manage such a machine as a police force. Since Sir John came, the police corps has been saying things in private, and chewing on the bit. The gallant Colonel began by thinking that the police were to be treated like Tommy Atkins, and no policeman will stand that. He ordained that if any constable committed the pettiest of offences he should be "clinked" in the station cell provided as lodgings for the civilian evil-doer. Robert kicked, and the order was withdrawn. Then he instituted a kind of orderly room in Dublin Castle. Here every man accused of the slightest offence has to parade before him daily, and is supposed to have his toes to the line at ten o'clock. He may have to wait for "trial" until after the Colonel has had luncheon, or has returned from a morning visit, and thus many night-duty men lose their day's sleep and go back to barracks fuller than ever of love for the martinet.

Not long since a kind of Regimental Order was sent round telling the police that the number of arrests shown annually hardly justified the retention of the force at its present strength, and plainly hinting that if more arrests were not made there would be a reduction. Such an Order was bound to draw very unfavourable comment in a country where it is charged to the police that they deliberately manufacture crime. The comment came, and the Order was withdrawn. The force has been sword-pricked and harried all over, and whole volumes of cases might be quoted to show the absurd lengths to which the misplaced military martinet will go. One will suffice, and let it serve as a sample. A few Sundays ago two men were for night duty, and after ten hours' sleep went out to say their prayers, as even a constable will do on occasions. After service they went for a couple of hours' walk, and for this they were reported. They were charged with "abusing their rest," and were sentenced to confinement to barracks after 6 p.m. for six weeks!

But the Ross rod is not only felt on the policeman's back. It is used on the citizens too, and the citizens are joining with the police in their very legitimate growl. Sir John has discovered that it is illegal for banqueters to remain on licensed premises after closing time, which is 11 p.m. on ordinary nights, and 10 p.m. on Saturdays. Hence banquets, dinners, dances, and other functions in the hotels must cease simultaneously with the pulling down of the shutters on the pubs outside. Paddy must suffer under this law, and he wonders what John Bull would do if the Chief Commissioner of Police sent out a similar order in London. He is death on the Dublin publican, is Sir John, and his police in pairs, much against their inclinations, are compelled to walk through the bars at intervals to make crime by finding some half-muzzy customer on the premises and hauling him and the long-suffering publican before the bench.

Wait for a month or so, and Dublin will most likely give a solid object lesson, for the constabulary worm has turned, and is very angry.

MESSRS. DERRY AND TOMS ON CHRISTMAS BOXES DRINK—AND CHURCH INSTITUTES.

Messrs. Derry and Toms are drapers and silk mercers, in a large way of business, in Kensington. They are also very good people—especially Mr. Toms, as will be hereafter shown. At Christmas-time they sent out this letter to the various firms from whom they buy goods :—

DEAR SIRS,—

If in the past it has been your custom to give some present or gratuity to any of our Employés, we think this a suitable time to inform you that we are in hearty sympathy with the principles and intentions of the recent Act, and trust that in future you will kindly refrain from doing so.

May we also intimate our strong disapproval of a custom, which we are afraid does to some extent exist, of offering intoxicating and other refreshment to our Employés. Yours faithfully,

DERRY AND TOMS.

This, of course, means that Messrs. Derry and Toms strongly disapprove of any kind of pressure being exercised upon the firms with whom they deal—not even are their "buyers" to be permitted to drink a "Merry Christmas" at the expense of the wholesale houses.

Now let us see how the good Mr. Toms puts his theories into practice. Mr. Toms, like the wily old tradesman he is, is a supporter of the Church—just as the petty village grocer is a shining light at the Little Bethel. But he also believes in keeping his own pocket well fastened up. Still, the "good work" must go on—whoever pays for it; and so we find him writing to the same people who were forbidden to extend the slightest hospitality to his employés in these cringing terms :—

GENTLEMEN,—

I am greatly interested in the work being carried on by the church to which I belong.

A house adjoining the church has just been purchased, at a cost of £1,200, for a Young Men's Institute, and I am anxious to provide part of this amount.

I should be greatly obliged if you could spare me a small contribution towards so good an object.

Yours faithfully,

C. W. TOMS.

Now, if it is wrong for the employés of the firm to accept any kind of gift from the wholesale houses, what right has Mr. Toms to dun them in this way on behalf of the "work being carried on by the church to which he belongs"? If he is "anxious to provide *part* of the £1,200," the method is very simple. Let him write out a cheque and take it out of the surplus wealth produced by his staff.

CONSEQUENCES.

BY MURIEL DOWLING.

The serious-minded M.P. met the blue-eyed Suffragette outside the House of Commons.

He said to her: "Kindly let me pass."

She said to him: "Votes for Women!"

The consequence was :—

He invited her out to tea, that she might more easily expound her views on the subject.

And the world said: "Another convert!"

* * *

The worthy M.P. met the charming Suffragette at a dinner party.

He said to her: "I see some of your friends have just been let out of Holloway."

She said to him: "Oh, don't let's talk shop."

The consequence was :—

They talked of totally different matters.

And the world said: "They're falling in love!"

* * *

The happy M.P. met the subdued but smiling Suffragette at her flat.

He said to her: "I've loved you from the moment I saw you, but I don't suppose you'll have anything to do with me. You only want your vote."

She said to him: "I don't want a vote; I only want you."

The consequence was :—

They married and lived happily ever after.

And the world said: "What price the Cause?"

"PROTECTION" IN AMERICA.

SOME FACTS ABOUT NEW YORK'S UNEMPLOYED.

By PERCY YATES, NEW YORK CITY.

Working-men in England appear to be getting very dissatisfied with the state of trade and the conditions of unemployment under Free Trade. Study these facts and figures, which are admittedly conservative, culled chiefly from the New York *World*, and note how Protection "benefits" the working-classes in America.

Mr. Warne, Secretary of the New York Immigration Commission, in a report filed at Albany, says:—"As nearly as can be estimated, 200,000 men and women have been out of work in New York State for two years. More than half this number live in Greater New York. This is a minimum estimate, based on reports recently filed in the Department of Labour at Albany. Labour organisations report 80,000 union men unemployed in New York State, of whom more than one-half live in New York City. There is no record of the unemployed non-union men, but it is safe to assume there are, at the very least, as many more unemployed men looking for work. Last year there were 270,000 union men in New York State. This year, there are 240,000, and this number is decreasing rapidly. The difference—30,000 or 40,000—indicates that the falling off is due in large part to inability to meet their union dues."

In 1908, 359,000,000 dollars were deposited in the savings banks of New York State. The withdrawals amounted to 394,000,000 dollars, showing the great preponderance of withdrawals to be 34,542,000 dollars in one year, an amount without a parallel in the banking history of New York State.

The full quota of enlisted men has been secured. Recruiting stations have been closed or temporarily abandoned, indicating that many of the unemployed are seeking the army.

Mr. W. York, Superintendent of the Municipal Lodging Houses in New York City, says that in the closing three months of last year, 850 honest, willing men presented themselves to magistrates and asked to be sent to the "workhouse" (which is on a level with the prisons in England). They were guiltless of crime, but were ordered to be confined under the Vagrancy Act. And your readers will agree with me that trade must be pretty bad when men beg to be sent to gaol because they cannot get work and cannot get food.

Mr. Fox, warden of the "workhouse," declared that 2,700 men had to be discharged before their sentences expired, in order to make room for other prisoners.

Nine hundred heads of families in New York City, unable to secure work, though able-bodied and willing, were, in 1908, supported by the Association for the Improvement of the Poor. And God only knows how many more hundreds suffered silently, and quietly starved to death, before they would either ask for or accept charity.

Mr. J. A. Henneberry, chief clerk of the District Attorney's office, in a recently-filed report, says that, in 1908, 7,877 criminal cases were disposed of in his office. The year previous the number was 6,237, showing that crime is likely to increase under unemployed conditions.

Working-men of England, use your brains, and ask yourselves this question: If such a chronic state of affairs exists in America, a Protectionist country, which is not dependent upon foreign imports, what will be the condition of England, dependent upon imports for her very existence, if ever *she* gets Protection?

TWO ORPHAN GIRLS WANTED.

If any one of our readers has two children coming under the subjoined description, and can satisfy us that they do so, we shall have pleasure in putting him, or her, in communication with the lady named in the letter below:—

Re "HUMAN DOCUMENTS."

I have been much interested in the above-mentioned articles in your interesting paper, and am writing to you to know if you can help a lady friend, who wishes to adopt two orphan girls under four years of age; must be of gentle birth and preferably without either parent; they would have a good home and education; perhaps this would be of some help to one of the unfortunate "Human Documents." Fullest references would be given.

THE MANCHESTER "UNEMPLOYED."

EXPERIENCES AT A MANCHESTER LABOUR FARM.

The Chorlton Board of Guardians have recently opened a Labour Farm at Withington, five miles from Manchester, for the employment of the city's out-of-works.

At present the unemployed, who are offered work on the farm as a test, work from 10.30 to 4.30. At a recent meeting of the Guardians, a proposal was made by a lady member, and supported by the Chairman of the Workhouse Committee, who is a well-known trade unionist, that in future the work should begin at 8.30.

After a brisk and animated discussion, a vote was taken, and it was found that those for and against the proposed alteration of time were equal, and it was decided to form a special committee for inquiry.

The Labour Master reported that he had, upon instructions received from the Chairman of the Workhouse Committee, prepared a report dealing with the characteristics of certain of the men who had come under his notice. It was therefore proposed, before the vote was taken, that this should be read. Upon hearing this, the Socialist Guardians rose up with angry cries, but, notwithstanding their excited and indignant protests, the official gem was read.

The following cases which we have been privileged to obtain from the report are worthy of note:—

A.—Does not like work; an old hand at the workhouse. Instead of working, he will sit in the barrow.

B.—A living statue. While putting sods in a barrow he stood beside the barrow for an hour and a half without moving, and only when the bell rang for dinner did he make any movement.

C.—Had half a day off this forenoon to go and look for work. After dinner did not turn up, although he was at dinner with the others. He will not take his overcoat off upon a warm, sunny day. When asked to take it off, he said he had not taken it off for nine years, and would not take it off now.

D.—Won't work if he can help it. As soon as the Master's back is turned he ceases work.

E.—Complains that he is always tired, and won't work at all.

F.—Rambles from field to field as if he had a rambling commission. Won't stay at work, and, when reprimanded, uses vile and abusive language.

G.—Flatly refuses to work, except by way of playing with it. He lies down in the field, and won't do anything.

H.—Was found on Monday away from where he ought to have been working—in another field some distance from his work. Stopped for that afternoon, he asked why three men could go to sleep under a hedge and not be stopped, and why he should be stopped for such a trifle as going to ask for a match to light his pipe.

I.—Is a strong, able-bodied man, but instead of working, uses his influence to prevent others working.

Are many of the unemployed like these Manchester vagabonds? What shall we do? Ask for the return of our Unemployed Fund donation, or buy and present a healthy whip to the Chorlton Guardians for the use of the Labour Master?

BIRTHDAYS OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREETINGS.

12 *June*. SIR OLIVER LODGE.

Science is the great antidote to the poison of enthusiasm and superstition.—*Adam Smith*.

12 *June*. PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.

'Tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak.—*Samuel Butler*.

12 *June*. SIR HARRY JOHNSTON.

Always something new out of Africa.—*Pliny*.

13 *June*. LEO GEORGE CHIOZZA MONEY.

Figures pedantical.—*Shakespeare*.

13 *June*. CYRIL ARTHUR PEARSON.

May I [Daily] Express thee unblamed?—*Milton*.

17 *June*. SIR WILLIAM CROOKES.

Little tube of mighty power.—*Isaac H. Browne*.

19 *June*. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

All heart to act.—*Campbell*.

OUR SPECIAL POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

SPECIALLY MIS-REPORTED FOR "JOHN BULL."

IMPUDENT UNEMPLOYED.—WISDOM FROM THE BENCH

At the South-Western Court, before Mr. De Green, *Thomas Hasbeen Atkins*, a one-armed man, who said he was once a soldier, and *John Trowell*, described as a bricklayer, were brought up in custody charged with "placing themselves in a public thoroughfare for the purpose of receiving alms." A shudder ran through the court when the terms of the charge were disclosed.

P.S. Routemout said his attention was called to the prisoners, who were standing by a piano-organ in Battersea Park Road. Atkins, who is a one-armed man, was turning the handle.

The Magistrate: With which arm?

Sergeant: With the one he hasn't lost, your Worship. The other man was standing by the organ, and I saw a woman offer him a penny. He received it and said, "Thank you, lady." I immediately took both prisoners into custody.

The Magistrate: Quite right, too. The practice of begging, with the goddess of music as a shield, shows signs of spreading alarmingly. What have you to say for yourself, Atkins?

Atkins: Please, sir, I was discharged from the Army when I lost my arm, and I only got a pension of ninepence a day for twelve months.

Magistrate: Certainly. What did you expect? You were only wounded. If you had been killed, you would have received a pension for life. I cannot accept your excuse. Now, Trowell, it is your turn.

Trowell: Well, sir, being out of work, and my wife and children wanting bread, I thought there was no harm in going out with an organ.

The Magistrate: A strong man like you has no right to be out of work. What is your trade?

Trowell: I am a bricklayer, sir, and I can't get a job. I've tramped my feet off.

The Magistrate: Surely there are other things you can do if your trade is slack. Instead of laying bricks, can't you lay eggs or foundation stones? Going round with an organ is not work.

Trowell: You'd think it was if you had to pull it.

The Magistrate: Do not add impudence to your other offence. I can see no redeeming feature in this case, and must make an example of you both.

Atkins: Sir, how is it that two poor Englishmen are dropped on for playing an organ in the street, when hundreds of Italianos are allowed to go scot-free all over the country?

The Magistrate: I am astonished at such ignorance in these days of education. There is a vast gulf between such men as you, who take out an organ for the purpose of begging, and the picturesque, musical Italians who delight us with the exercise of their delicious art. They do not beg; they merely accept remuneration. Welcome wanderers from sunny Italy, they are part of the pageant of London. Would you have England deny her hospitable shores to the intelligent foreigner, who comes to us with his art at the end of a handle? However, as I understand neither of you has any money, I will be lenient. So, instead of sending you to prison, I fine you each five shillings or seven days.

A RUFFIAN RIGHTLY SERVED.

William Sikes, junior, of Fagin Yard, was brought up at Thames Police Court, before Mr. Pickwickson, charged with house-breaking, burglary, and arson, combined with assault and battery and pocket-picking. The evidence showed that the prisoner, a big, burly, hulking ruffian, had broken a pane of glass in the dwelling-house of Mr. Simple Simon, pieman, of Pudding Lane, thereby gaining entry to the premises. He had attacked the prosecutor with a life preserver, beaten him within an inch of his life, ransacked the house, and got away with a considerable booty. Being identified by no less than a score of witnesses, Sikes pleaded guilty, and a whole budget of previous convictions was cited against him.

Mr. Pickwickson said an offence of such a nature must be severely punished, as men of that stamp were not fit to be at large. He should therefore release the prisoner under the new Probation Act, on the condition that for the space of twelve months he should report himself once a week to the Court Missionary.

The Prisoner *(turning deathly pale and clinging to the front of the dock)*: Oh, sir, cruel, cruel! The missionary! Anything but that! Give me the cat!

Still protesting against the severity of the sentence, prisoner was forcibly removed from the dock and conveyed from the court, but his passionate cries of despair could be heard for some time.

BIRDS AND GAOL-BIRDS.

Mr. Montagu Sharpe, who, as Chairman of the Middlesex Quarter Sessions, lately sentenced an old beggarman of 65 to be flogged with the birch, is also Chairman of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, in which capacity the following letter has been addressed to him:—

Whippingham,
Isle of Wight.

SIR,—

Having been much annoyed, in common with other respectable residents, by the persistent begging of a tame Raven, who, though only 65 years of age, has long been a nuisance to the district, I lately decided to give this incorrigible bird a dozen strokes with the birch-rod, thinking that this was a kinder course than to turn him over to the Cat. To my surprise, I am told that your Society is likely to intervene. While I am aware of your great personal humaneness, I must say that if I may not sentence a middle-aged Raven to a well-deserved whipping without Questions being asked, the country must be going (as the Greeks used to say) "to the crows."

You will, I am sure, understand that I should not dream of inflicting corporeal punishment on any well-bred bird in rich plumage and able to feather his own nest; but in dealing with this fowl old fellow, a mere vagrant and gaol-bird, sharpe treatment seems best.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN BLUNT.

SUB ROSA.

By W. B. C.

I once knew a man who had a very fertile brain. He was always inventing something. One day he took his two little sons out for a walk in the country. While they were out it became very cold, and the little fellows began to complain of feeling numb. Their father hit upon a brilliant idea. In his pocket he had two daily newspapers. Now he had heard that newspapers were very bad conductors of heat. So, calling upon his sons to follow him, he led the way to a barn in a field by the wayside. Choosing a dark corner he made them strip and wrapped them up tightly in the sheets of the newspapers. They then resumed their normal clothing and went on their way, warm and grateful. But soon it began to rain, and all three got wet through. When they reached home the mother was anxious lest the boys should catch cold. She took them upstairs to change their clothes, and proceeded to undress them. On removing the last garment from each she was surprised to see a further coating of moist and clinging newspapers. The boys explained the reason of the phenomenon, and their mother set to work to remove it.

When she had peeled the paper off their bodies a further shock awaited her. The wet clothes had acted as copying pads. The lads stood before her *in puris naturalibus*, but not as God made them.

The chest of one boldly displayed a half-page advertisement in heavy type of someone's patent pills, while his back and legs were adorned with the previous day's sporting intelligence. About his waist was an account of a terrible murder; while one arm informed his astonished mother of the state of the stock and share market, and the other gave a list of domestic servants seeking situations. With dilated eyes the mother turned her startled gaze on the other freak. He was worse. His bosom was heaving under the weight of a three-column speech of the Prime Minister's, and the latest foreign news frowned on her from the exterior of his stomach. Down one leg ran the correspondence corner of a well-known daily; the other gave the weather forecast for the next three days. Silently she turned him round. An interview with Miss Maud Allan illuminated his back, while his thighs sported the description of a fashionable wedding and furnished the "Answers to Correspondents."

The mother had hysterics, and the boys had a hot bath. But printers' ink sticks, and it was a full week before the embarrassed victims ceased to be walking dailies and became once more human beings.

My friend never tells this story in the presence of his sons. ". . . the child's sob in the silence curses deeper than the strong man in his wrath."

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See page iii of cover.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

By WALTER MOORE.

III.—EX-PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Having tracked the unmistakable spoor of the ex-President through the African jungle for several days, I at last concluded from the clear impression of hob-nails that I must be close upon him. The fact of his proximity was further confirmed by the numerous herds of fleeing beasts, elephants, rhino, buffalo, giraffes, and countless buck, which sped past the tree in which I was safely ensconced, indicating by their trumpeting, snorting, bellowing and bleating the extremity of terror under which they laboured. The procession of fear was closed by a maimed giraffe which swayed its graceful neck and hung its gentle head in evident distress. Whereupon I descended from my coign of vantage and proceeded warily in the direction whence the terrified animals had come.

Cautiously creeping through the tangled undergrowth, I suddenly found myself looking down the barrel of an elephant gun, behind which I could discern two rows of gleaming teeth. I required no further evidence. I had found Roosevelt.

"Don't shoot!" I yelled; "I'm not a giraffe. I'm only an interviewer.'

"Guess you spoke in the nick," remarked the ex-President, coolly. "I saw something move in the tangle, and when I see anything move I jest shoots. I don't keer a durned cuss what it is. I jest shoots."

"Are you having good sport?" I enquired, rising from my knees, and stepping into the open glade to the ex-President's side.

"Bully," returned Mr. Roosevelt; "I cal'c'late I'm having top value for my fifty-pound-sterling shooting licence. I guess I'm waking up the African jungle some. The ani-miles in these here parts are having a strenuous time, you bet, with these goods stacked up against them." Mr. Roosevelt slapped his chest. "The African jungle's on the jump. It knows I'm right here; and things have got to hum some."

"Have you had any narrow escapes?" was my next question.

"Wall, a few," drawled the sportsman. "I met a lion yesterday. He roared some when he saw me, and wagged his tail pretty brisk, you may swear. Then he sorted himself ready to spring. But he didn't do it. He retired."

"Why, did you shoot him, then?" I demanded.

"I tried," responded Mr. Roosevelt, "but the breech jammed. So I jest smiled at him, and he made tracks purty slick to tell Mrs. Lion he'd run up against something that beat the band."

"Are you aware that the British public are a little upset at your shooting giraffes?" I next enquired.

"So?" remarked the ex-President; "wall, I guess they can keep right on being upset. I opine that anything or anybody with a durned long neck like a giraffe's deserves to be shot."

Noticing how closely Mr. Roosevelt's head sat upon his shoulders I did not pursue the subject.

"I presume that in your present contest against feral foes you rely more upon the gun than the 'big stick'?" I next hazarded, wiping a lively scorpion from the nape of my neck.

"That is so," admitted the ex-President; "but I would desiderate that the laws of the U-nited States would allow me to ramp round among the Trusts with a shooting iron same as away here among the bully beasts." And Mr. Roosevelt was good enough to show me a large section of his chewing machinery.

"I have no doubt that the African is more agreeable to your taste than the American jungle," I insinuated, casually kicking an empty corned beef tin.

Mr. Roosevelt looked at me fixedly for a moment through his *pince-nez*. I bore his scrutiny unflinchingly.

"Say," he remarked, after a short pause, "don't bring that up."

"I'm afraid I should have to," I returned.

Teddy glared fiercely at me for a moment. "See here, stranger," he snorted, "I guess you'd better get a clutch brake on your speech gear. I'm an Ammurrican—one o' Gawd's people; and we like to be cracked up. If you don't crack us up we git riled. See? But if you're out for trouble I'm your goods, and that's plain horse sense."

"It was only my 'potted play,'" I said.

"If there were any Pellissier I'd have you run in right now," returned Mr. Roosevelt, recovering his wonted good humour and with it his native wit.

At that moment a fierce roar echoed from the opposite side of the little glade in which we stood chatting.

"What's that?" I asked, feeling a trifle nervous.

"I opine that's a lion peddling round for anxiety," responded Mr. Roosevelt, hastily loading his gun.

Anxious to have an ocular demonstration of the power of the ex-President's smile, I lit upon a daring scheme. With a sudden bound I seized the gun, wrenched it from his hands, and scudded with it into the thick undergrowth, just as an infuriated lion bounded into the open glade within six yards of Mr. Roosevelt. Covering the animal with my borrowed weapon, unseen myself, I watched the proceedings with the intensest interest.

Not for an instant did the ex-President's presence of mind forsake him. Turning his face towards the lordly animal, he smiled his celebrated twenty-horse-power smile. The lion became manifestly uneasy, but continued to growl and snarl and lash his flanks, but showed no disposition to retreat. Evidently surprised by the endurance of the beast, Mr. Roosevelt smiled still more expansively. But with no positive result.

Things began to look rather serious, and I was on the point of shooting, when the ex-President, struck by a happy thought, commenced his oft-repeated, strenuous speech upon the Population Question.

A few words were quite enough for that lion. Dropping his tail and putting a fore-paw to each ear, he trotted out of the glade on his hind legs, leaving Theodore Roosevelt in triumphant possession of the field. Being a bachelor I also fled.

THE DAY'S WORK.

Down and down in the deep of Hell
The Lord of Darkness lay.
He called his crew: "Come, tell to me
What ye have done to-day.
How have ye stirred the fires of sin,
Or blown them into flame?
How have ye lured the sons of men
To deeds of wrath and shame?"
A devil sat at the red pit-mouth,
Hard by the iron gate.
Quoth he: "I harried a lonely soul
And fed him full with hate.
Daylong I seared his raging heart
Till he, at set of sun,
Did slay his wife with a reeking knife."
And his Master said, "Well done!"
A hairy imp cried out of the pit
Where red-hot cinders fly,
"O I have tempted a hungry man
To steal and eke to lie.
He took the gold he had in trust
To buy his children food.
And now he lies on a prison bed."
Said the Lord of Darkness, "Good!"
A naked devil sat in the dark,
And laughed a godless laugh.
Quoth he, "I ha' made a man to bow
His knee to the golden calf.
He grinds his workmen down for gold,
His people groaning go,
While he is rich on the lives of men."
And his Master grinned "Ho, ho!"
A little devil raised his voice,
From a flaming bed of coal,
"I have laid the torch of a wicked love
To the lamp of a human soul.
And he hath looked on his neighbour's wife,
And sinned the deadly sin,
And now they wait at the outer gate."
Said his Master, "Let them in."
Down and down in the deep of Hell,
The devils, one by one,
Unto the Lord of Darkness told
The deeds that they had done.
And in the dark by the outer gate,
A band of waiting souls
Saw the gleam of the devils' eyes
And the hot and hungry coals.

FREDERICK DUFFIELD.

RESOLUTELY REFUSE SUBSTITUTES for

Stephens'

Ink

Whoever else may benefit by the substitution of another ink—it is *NOT* the buyer.

PARSONS.

By Jim Crow.

[*We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.*]

When I was a small boy, I remember receiving a distinct shock when a schoolfellow told me he intended to be a parson. I bluntly asked "Why?" but could obtain no satisfactory explanation. For days I watched him attentively in a vain effort to detect signs of superior goodness. He was just as lazy, quarrelsome, untruthful as the rest of us. And when he grew up, he went into the army. I suppose that, in his innocence, he imagined that parsons have a good time.

The Curse of a Curacy.

Extreme democrats probably share this delusion. They would have you believe that the clergy snatch fat salaries and live in idleness, which, of course, is a labour member's ideal of happiness. But I have watched a good many parsons in my time and I have never felt tempted to envy them. They often work very hard indeed. Whether their work is useful does not affect the fact. And most of their work must be very irksome. Take the visitation of the sick, for instance. Fancy being at every one's beck and call, having to turn out at any hour of the day or night merely to listen to diseased fancies and administer ghostly consolation. It must be bad enough to rush about administering bread-pills or prescribing "the mixture as before," but that means guineas or shillings in the case of a doctor, whereas a parson never gets a bit extra, however many chapters he may read to the bed-ridden, however many "words in season" he may whisper to the tremendously delirious. Of course he may come in for a little legacy now and then if he ingratiates himself unduly, but we all run that risk. By the way, when is a grateful reader going to remember Jim Crow in a will? I will then sing "Nunc dimittis" with a vengeance.

The Bore of Bereavements.

Another clerical job I don't envy is that of comforting the afflicted. I know how I should do it. I should stalk into a house, slap a mourner on the back and say unto him: "Lost your mother-in-law, have you, old chap? Never mind, you may have mine if you like. Meanwhile, here's luck! What's yours? Hi, not too much soda, please; you're drowning it." Then a glad smile would steal over a woeful countenance and the trick would be done. But perhaps that would not be quite good form for a parson, though I have known one with a healthy thirst. The approved plan is to come into the house of mourning with a long face, which can only add to the encircling gloom, and proceed to utter unconvincing platitudes about the Lord's will, or vague prophecies about meeting in another world. These must be very irritating to anyone in great anguish. Nor can they be a source of satisfaction to the man who has to utter them.

Vain Repetitions.

Church services must be very wearisome when they are part of a profession. When you or I attend divine worship, we do it of our own free will, either because (as in my own case) we are pious, or because we want to please some other pious person, or to meet our friends and look at their clothes, or to set a good example to our humbler neighbours. But to have to attend many times a week, wet or fine, sick or well, whatever the mood of the moment, turns services into a form of penal servitude. And the labour of grinding out a long succession of sermons cannot be very clover of very clover. It is not like going to a public meeting to kick up a disturbance or to enunciate brilliant epigrams. A parson is restricted to dull subjects, he must either expound the Scriptures, about which there is really nothing new to be said, or he must inculcate obvious codes of behaviour, or he may try to be sensational, and that is difficult in a pulpit if vulgarity is to be eschewed. Again, it must be so depressing to address a crowd of people who do not permit themselves to give way to their emotions, to cheer, laugh, interrupt, groan or cat-call. If I were Archbishop of Canterbury, I should either abolish sermons or invite heckling. Baptisms, again, must be odious from a parson's point of view. Fancy, having to mess about with squalling babies!

Twaddlers' Tyranny.

A parson's life brings him into touch with all sorts of emotional fools, fussy busybodies, countless cranks utterly destitute of the senses of proportion and humour. Whatever he does, he is sure to be badgered and persecuted about trifles which really do not matter in the very least. There will be violent indignation meetings about a candle or a picture; revenues will be affected by a decision to sing or not to sing the psalms; the cut of a coat or a cassock may alienate or reconcile a whole congregation.

A Luckless Lot.

To sum up the situation of a parson: he is poorly paid, considering that he has had an expensive education, and the emoluments of his profession are in a decline. He is generally treated with a sort of good-natured (sometimes ill-natured) contempt; indeed the word parson is almost contumelious. And what does he receive in return for all his self-denial, all his altruism? He is condemned to live in a strait-waistcoat. His garb marks him out for special supervision. The fierce light which beats on a throne is mild in comparison with that which scorches his vicarage. If he ogles a girl, he is at once regarded as a reprobate. When his thoughts lean towards love, the idea of his marriage is deemed almost indecent. He is half expected to be a teetotaler: if he be detected in drunkenness, he is haled before ecclesiastical courts and hounded out of his profession, practically punished with premunire. Any looseness in his language is treated as a deadly sin: whatever the provocation he must mutter nothing stronger than "Really!" or "Too bad!" Even his sports are supervised: for some occult reason he may not race; his hunting is discouraged; a game of cards would be anathema if pennies were at stake. But for a consciousness of rectitude, he might almost envy a crossing-sweeper or a costermonger, who can at least swear at his donkeys.

Disestablishment or no disestablishment, there will be no volunteers for holy orders before the Church is much older.

GAMMON AND GLASSHOUSES.

A "LINER'S" SELL.

We regret we cannot return the compliment paid us by the *Morning Leader*, apropos our article entitled "Inside the German Fleet," by saying that any sensation was caused on May 29th by the publication in our contemporary of an anonymous article, illustrated by six photographs, entitled, "Inspecting a Passenger Ship. How the Board of Trade Guards Ocean Travellers."

The amusing feature of this article is that it had appeared before, in August, 1906, in the *Windsor Magazine*, under the heading of "Sailing Day," with the same six photographs and six additional ones. It was then stated to be from the pen of "B. J. Hyde."

The article in the *Morning Leader* is very much abbreviated, the order of the sentences is transposed and the language frequently paraphrased.

For instance, Mr. Hyde wrote, "Many (passengers) would doubtless be interested, did they arrive a little earlier, in observing the precautions taken by the Board of Trade to ensure their comfort and safety before issuing to the ship her 'passenger certificate,' without which no British vessel would be permitted to sail with passengers aboard. The accompanying photos, taken on board the American Line's magnificent ship 'New York,' demonstrate the thoroughness with which this inspection is carried out. As this particular line of vessels sail under the American flag, the inspection by the English Board of Trade is entirely optional on their part, and only undergone for the mutual satisfaction of the owners and passengers, but it is identical with that carried out on a British vessel, and the certificate granted is the same." The *Morning Leader* says, "The Board of Trade has the passengers, whether they be steerage or saloon, under its wing, and every ship flying the British flag and carrying passengers has to obtain a 'passenger certificate *(sic)* from the Marine Department before it can put to sea. This hall mark of safety is valued by the large steamship companies flying the flags of other nations so much that they voluntarily undergo the examination before starting from the English ports. The photographs, which were taken on the American liner 'New York,' show some of the details of the inspection which takes places immediately before the day of sailing."

In other instances, there are alterations which relate rather to the style than to the matter of the article.

For instance, Mr. Hyde wrote, "And anon, the Board of Trade's chief inspector, Captain Clarke, R.N.R., will order the lifeboats to be lowered and manœuvred in the harbour under his personal supervision." The *Morning Leader's* anonymous writer says, "Lifeboat drill is gone through, and, if the inspector demands it, the boats have to be lowered and rowed round for his benefit." For some reason, the *Morning Leader* throughout avoids mentioning Captain Clarke by name, both in the article itself and the short descriptions under the photos. Perhaps he has now retired on an old age pension.

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"IN THE AIR."

NOTES ON AVIATION.

By W. PARKER.

The Present Position.

The doubts of aviators that the monoplane would ever seriously compete for reliability with the biplane are certainly not confirmed. Chalons Camp has been a scene of great activity within the last month. Messrs. René Demanest, Hubert Lathom and Burgeat have been performing wonders on Antoinette monoplanes. A passenger has been repeatedly carried for distances approximating a kilometre on these machines, and the 37 min. 37 secs. flight made by Lathom on May 22nd puts all doubt at rest on the score of their efficiency. With a carrying surface of 30 square metres and a motor of about 50 h.p., a speed of 40 m.p.h. can be easily maintained, and theory to the contrary, the stability of the single plane has demonstrated itself most conclusively. This, with Louis Bleriot's flight on October 31st last, from Toury to Artenay and back, has given a shock to the sceptics.

Germany's Activity.

France and England are equally "intrigued" over the aerial schemes of Germany at the moment. We do not possess the monopoly of scare stories, though to do France justice, the note there is one of amusement as well as apprehension. There are facts to go on, however, and no doubt the activity of Germany is remarkable. The Zeppelin factories now in contemplation are planning an output of eight large dirigibles per year, beginning in October next, and plans are ready for the erection of a number of airship sheds in various parts of the country. These are already being constructed at Metz, Cologne, and Frankfort, and an ambitious aerial transport company is on the stocks for inaugurating a regular service—more or less—between several important towns—including Zurich and Munich possibly—with headquarters at Stuttgart. The sheds already erected besides that of Count Zeppelin at Constance are one at Bitterfield, which shelters the Parseval III., three sheds in the neighbourhood of Berlin, and a military balloon shed at Tegel. As to the fleet actually in existence, it consists of two Zeppelins, two Parsevals, and two Gross—an impressive beginning which England cannot afford to despise.

France not Idle.

Meanwhile, France is not idle. That Mæcenas of aeronautics, M. Henry Deitsch de la Meurthe, is interesting himself in the formation of a company which has actually ordered from the Société Astra five cruising airships of the French non-rigid type, and sheds are being erected, one at Sartrouville, two at Issy, others at Juvisy, Fontainebleau, Meaux, Beauval, Rheims, Nancy, and Orleans, and more are contemplated at Tours, Bordeaux, Lyons, and Clermont-Ferrand. Interest in the dirigible balloon is very far from dead in spite of the younger and more picturesque school of aviation which concerns itself with the heavier-than-air machine.

For Amateurs or Professionals?

Will aeroplaning be an amateur's or a professional's game? The latter in all probability. Motoring readily fell into professional hands after the first and more sporting days, and assuredly the aeroplane will follow suit. It is an esoteric business. Once flights become longer and cross-country trips are the rule, not the exception, the dangers will deter all but practised and highly-paid experts. For the moment the lessons learnt are gained by the actual flyer himself, but that may not be the case for long. Already practised flyers are placing their machines in the hands of pupils, finding that observing flights from the surface of the ground is as useful in detecting structural defects as taking the levers one's self. M. Ernault-Pelterie throws an interesting light on this by a recent remark that he gained more useful hints from observing flights than running the aeroplane himself. This he does but rarely at Buc, leaving his machine in the hands of his driver, and nobody who knows M. Pelterie will accuse him of "funk" or of any diminution of enthusiasm. Whence shall we draw this new race of "supermen"? The time is not yet, and ambitious chauffeurs and 'bus-drivers may still stick to their metier without much fear of instantaneous developments; but even the glory of the French chauffeur in the early days will fade into insignificance before the splendours of the new aerial pilot—when he arrives.

The "Alsace" and "Ile de France."

No one has yet "blessed" the British aero grounds at Shellbeach, at least more than mentally. The benediction at Juvisy does not seem to have evoked much benignity on the part of Providence, so perhaps it does not matter. Nobody can deny humour to the French and the ecclesiastical baptism of the two forlorn aeroplanes, the "Alsace" and the "Ile de France," on the inaugural day, has provoked more ribaldry than reverence, in the light of recent happenings. The "Alsace" came to a bad end a week after her benediction, and the "Ile de France"—well, she has not distinguished herself, to put it mildly. A suggestion that Extreme Unction should have been administered after the catastrophe is funny, if irreverent. It has been even hinted by a sceptical journalist that a cursed aeroplane might do better, and, indeed, I have heard language used to more than one aeroplane which would justify the latter epithet. It is a question for an ecclesiastical court, but just at present the practical Englishman, be he Cody-ite, Voisin-ite, or another, prefers to work out his own salvation, without any craving for hierarchical patronage!

The Rheims Week.

The Rheims week, August 22nd to 29th, promises some exciting sport. There will probably be half a dozen Wright machines there, the same number of Voisins, while the Antoinette people, MM. Bleriot, Pischoff and Santos Dumont may also put in an appearance. At least 20 entries are hoped for in well-informed quarters.

The Monaco-Cap Martin Flight.

Why did nobody in the aero world attempt the celebrated Monaco-Cap Martin flight? It is one of the deep mysteries of this spring to all of us who take an interest in aviation. The start from Monaco Quay was easy. The route only nine kilometres in all. The air—at least in the late afternoon—calm, and the return landing not insuperably difficult or desperately dangerous, even if it were missed and the machine fell into the calm waters of the little harbour. Then there was £3,000 to win, with another £1,000 thrown in for "second place." Four fine sheds were duly erected, but apart from M. Jacques Faure's attempt with his dirigible and the belated appearance of the Revaud "hydroscope," nothing was done. In view of the efforts which will undoubtedly be made to cross the 20 miles or so of the Channel and win one-third of the sum, the thing is inexplicable.

THE FABLE OF THE INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE.

Once upon a time, there was an apprentice who was industrious and exceedingly diligent. At the rising up of the sun, he was always to be found waiting upon his master's doorstep, and when even did come he always tarried far into the night, yea even unto the tenth hour.

His master praised him, begrudging not the ink, nor the paper, nor even the midnight gas, and spake fair words unto him, and rose his screw one shekel per week, being afraid lest peradventure he would go elsewhere.

And another apprentice who was idle, and who desired to be named of men as a gay dog, murmured and was exceedingly wroth, and he spake unto the industrious apprentice, who replied, saying: "I am not like unto thee. I smoke not, neither do I drink, nor flirt with bar damsels, nor make eyes at maidens tripping lightly at the halls. I am virtuous, and I love to do what is right."

And the ilde apprentice said: "Rats!" But of a verity there were no rats, unless peradventure he smelled one.

Now behold it came to pass that the sun entered the Sign of Libra, and the season came that men balance their affairs and pay their debts, yea even their income tax. and the master said unto the industrious apprentice: "James, the Examiners of the Records, yea even the Auditors, do come shortly, therefore post up thy scrolls to make their way smooth."

And James bowed himself unto the ground and made obeisance, winking his eye privily, and thrusting his tongue within his cheek, answered, saying: "Yessir!"

And the same night he arose and girded up his gladstone, and departed into a far country.

And his master gnashed his teeth, and tore his hair, and lifting up his voice, wept, for his eyes were opened with an exceeding great suddenness, and he said:

"Verily, verily"—and then his voice cracked with emotion, and the words stuck edgeways in his throat so that he choked himself, and his ghost went for an outing, and did not return.

Moral.—Be careful of the clerk who comes early and stays late.

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OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To Colonel Sir Augustus FitzGeorge, C.B., Piccadilly, London.

MY DEAR COLONEL,—I notice that, in common with other persons who like to be in the fashion, your chauffeur has been charged with driving you in excess of the speed limit at Kingston. The other day Lord Rosebery's chauffeur was charged with a similar offence at Mortlake. All congratulations on your speedometer, and when you see his lordship you might congratulate him for me on his, for in both your cases the magistrates dismissed the summons. The policeman with the stop watch said your car was travelling at 28 miles an hour, and the lady who was with you put her head out of the window and remarked in her haste, after the manner of David the Psalmist, "All policemen are liars." This, curiously enough, is also what the speedometer said; at least, it recorded a speed of only 19 miles an hour, and the gentleman who made it came into court and said he had examined it and found it O.K. When Lord Rosebery's chauffeur was summoned, the policeman said his lordship was travelling at 20 miles an hour, whereas the speedometer had conscientiously recorded only ten miles an hour. The moral, my dear Colonel, I take to be that we need no longer concern ourselves with the query of jesting Pilate, "What is truth?" Truth is a speedometer and unveracity is a policeman's stop watch; at least it is if you buy the speedometer at the right shop. No car should be without one. Once tried always used. Beware of worthless imitations. None genuine without the name on the clockwork. Warranted to give a policeman Fitz, by George! Again felicitations. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. John Burns, M.P., Local Government Board.

DEAR JOHN,—Permit me to thank you for advising the working man to abolish the fetish of the "best front parlour," which you correctly described as a mausoleum for wax fruit and china dogs, sacred to the landlord, the insurance man, and the doctor—where the children dare not enter, and where even the father is a trespasser. Pity, however, you didn't think of calling a meeting of wives and make your recommendations to them direct. I don't believe that any working man with a small house and a large family ever did want a special room in which to store a collection of assorted fancy goods. Don't I know that room? Family Bible under antimaccasar on low table near the front window. Elegant suite covered with bewitching brown-holland. Pretty screen in front of fireplace; What-Nots in all the corners and How-Nows all over the floor; bazaar china here, there, and everywhere; no room to move, no air to breathe; the atmosphere of a grave-yard pervading all. But who touches that room, save in the way of reverence, will assuredly arouse the missus to the scorn of scorn and the wrath of wrath. Wherefore beware. The best front parlour is sacrosanct. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. F. Gowland Hopkins, Royal Institution, London.

MY DEAR DOC.,—Have been carefully considering your statement that in consuming his own kind the cannibal is eating exactly the right stuff, obtaining exactly the right quality and quantity of proteid. Also been trying to turn it into a formula of practical dietetics for personal use, but on inquiry discover a painful lack of raw material in the market. I find, however, that if proteid is the ideal diet, Parmesan cheese ought to be an improvement on dead man. Please tell me how I shall do up the cheese in suitably varied dishes. If at any time you have your own personal proteid to dispose of, and can recommend it as of high dietetic value in quality and quantity, please let me have first refusal for cash paid to executors. After all, even a food specialist isn't of much use to himself when his wife is a widow, so you may as well let me have the goods as anybody else. JOHN BULL.

To Sir Albert Kaye Rollit.

SIR,—I am surprised to hear that you have accepted a decoration from Peter Karageorgevitch "in recognition of valuable services rendered." Are not you aware of Peter's complicity in atrocious murders? Pray, what valuable services did you render the man? I know you visited Belgrade and talked to a few regicides about commerce. But that can scarcely be described as a valuable service. Are you floating a loan for Peter by any chance? If so, I am afraid you will lose your money. JOHN BULL.

To Sir Edmund Verney.

SIR,—You are to be congratulated on the courage of your convictions—not, I hope, the only convictions to be placed to your credit. While most of us were rejoicing over the great impetus which the King's Derby has given to sport and good-fellowship, you appeal to the jovial sportsmen of the *Daily News* to join you and the British Christian Endeavourers' Union (whoever they may be) in weeping and gnashing of teeth. You whine in Little Bethel jargon about His Majesty's victory as a "subject for the reverse of congratulation"—in plain English, a subject for open condemnation, as you proceed to show. You abuse him for "using for horse-racing a portion of the enormous salary we pay him to do the nation's work," as though he were expected to give an account of every penny he spends on the amusements he has so laboriously earned. You ask whether "there is any soul in the United Kingdom who thinks the better of him, or respects him the more, because he happens to own the horse that won the Derby." I suppose that, according to you, sportsmen have no souls. You were evidently not on the course after the race, or you would not put such a ridiculous question. However, I am inclined to think you must have backed Louviers or Sir Martin, for you lash yourself into fury over the victory of Minoru. In dark, threatening tones you exclaim that the day will come (stage thunder here, Mr. Printer) when your Sovereign will regret his ill-luck in having won the Derby. You even have the effrontery to remind him of the deposition of a brother monarch, and hint that a like fate may be his if he persists in sharing the pleasures of his people. This is perilously near treason, O Ahaziah! JOHN BULL.

To Arthur Hinton, Butcher, Connolly Road, Hanwell.

BRUTE,—I have read the report of your case and am amazed that you should have been let off with a fine of 40 pieces of silver. Hearing you were about to be summoned for keeping an Irish terrier bitch without a licence, you struck the poor creature several times with a hatchet. A neighbour heard its screams and remonstrated with you, but you merely said, "Don't get's into a bother." The neighbour called you a "beastly brute," and I am bound to say that this language does not strike me as excessive. You then thrust the animal into a sack without troubling to ascertain whether you had despatched it; you threw it into the Brent, but it escaped to the house of its former owner. I wonder whether any of the hospital students will subscribe towards the payment of your fine. You may remember their indignation about a statue to the brown dog which they had tortured, so they ought to sympathise with you. I suggest that you should be removed to another part of Hanwell. JOHN BULL.

Mrs. Moon, The Heavens, London.

Why didn't you come out to be eclipsed? Shan't wait up for you again. BULL.

Chairman, Aerial Club, London.

Your appeal for £50,000 to buy a Zeppelin for Britain noted. Why not persuade Duke to sell another lovely picture and hand you cash? BULL.

Waldo, Coroner, London.

You say if there is one thing to be got without money it is drink. Consider this a real treat. BULL.

Asquith, 10, Downing Street, Whitehall.

Star says you are going fight Tory obstruction on Budget by working your men in shifts. Mind don't fight it so as to shift 'em from work. BULL.

Alderman Sir Horatio Davies, Guildhall, London.

Heartiest congratulations on marriage. Hope will be happy ever after. Glad you are better. BULL.

Sir Edward Grey, Foreign Minister, London.

Be careful not to repeat blunder Friday's Parliamentary papers about "Her" Majesty's Government. Queen Victoria is dead; long live the King. BULL.

Forrest Fulton, Central Criminal Court.

When are you going to resign.? Have been awaiting your usual apologia in *Times*. BULL.

THE SOCIAL UPAS TREE.

(The John Bull League has been formed to attack cant and hypocrisy in every shape.)

JOHN BULL: "You've been a blight on the country long enough—I will try and bring you down."

IN THE CITY.

It is requested that all letters to be answered on the City pages be addressed to the City Editor, *67, Long Acre, W.C.*

Letters requiring an answer in the next issue of John Bull *must be received not later than Friday.*

We shall be obliged to Secretaries of Insurance Companies if they will send us their reports when issued, and, from time to time, any other information concerning their Companies which may be of public interest.

WALDORF HOTEL.

With regard to the payment of the dividend on Preference shares "during the period of construction," amounting to £6,161 1s. 5d., and which we commented on at the time, the following further details may be of interest. The fact that the payment was to be made was sprung upon the shareholders on the very eve of the meeting. The Preference holders in question practically all begged the Board not to make the payment, and that if it were impossible to avoid doing so, then to pay them in scrip, *i.e.*, to issue further preference shares so as to leave the £6,161 1s. 5d. available for payment of a dividend upon the ordinary. This Mr. J. M. Henderson, M.P., objected to, and took counsel's opinion, which is supposed to have supported his view. We all know, however, that counsel's opinion very much depends on how the facts are submitted. Accordingly the £6,161 1s. 5d. was paid.

Now let us take the case of the Debentures. The debenture holders were the Waring White Co., Waring's (or their nominees) for the bulk, Marshall Mackenzies about £15,000, Mr. Wild, of Franklin, Wild, £2,500, Jay's £1,000, and Des Clayes about £1,500. Now Jay's and Des Clayes got their interest in cash, but the others were all made to take theirs half in cash and the balance in preference shares, for which they had to apply, and pass through their cheques.

What, therefore, becomes of Mr. Henderson and his counsel's opinion? The whole thing looks like an attempt to dish the ordinary shareholders, especially when we remember that the directors put to reserve £3,000 for redemption of debentures, although they need not have commenced the Redemption Fund till the end of the present year. Are the Board determined to have their revenge upon certain persons interested in the Ordinary stock on account of their efforts to make a market for it?

SURRENDER VALUES.

We congratulate the British Homes Assurance Company upon their new departure. It is a legitimate complaint on the part of the public that the surrender value the policy will carry is not plainly set forth when it is taken out. It might be done without the slightest difficulty, but it is not done. The failure to do it paves the way for deceptions which ought to be avoided, seeing that a any moment the actual cash value of a policy can be stated with nicety. In its new "Ideal" policy just issued, the British Homes Assurance Company recognise this, and print on the policy the guaranteed loan, surrender and paid up policy options, which enable the assured to see at a glance the cash surrender value of the policy at any moment during a period of twenty years, and the amount of the paid up assurance or loan the Company is prepared to make upon the policy.

Other attractive features of this policy are (1) that it is indisputable after being three years in force; (2) after the same period it becomes absolutely non-forfeitable; (3) all premiums in respect of "whole life" policies cease automatically upon the assured attaining the age of 70.

THE TEMPLE FIRE AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

We recently stated that the Temple Fire and Accident Assurance Corporation, Ltd., were in negotiation for the sale of what they have to sell to another Company. This negotiation fell through, but the Directors have now convened an Extraordinary General Meeting for "the purpose of considering and, if thought fit, passing a resolution approving the Provisional Agreement, dated 27th day of May, 1909, and made between The Temple Fire and Accident Assurance Corporation, Ltd., of the one part, and the British Enterprise Assurance Co., Ltd., of the other part." The Directors justify the sale on the ground that "after careful consideration of the position and prospects of the business, and the inadequacy of the working capital, it has been considered that the sale of the business would be in the best interests of the shareholders."

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY AND ITS CUSTOMERS.

A correspondent, who is one of the many who bought a Cash Register at the price of about three times as much as they are selling at to-day, and upon the assurance that the Company would not reduce prices, and would buy it back again after a number of years if asked to do so, sends us a leaflet sent out by the Company in the old days, which, among other things, has the following printed in a very prominent manner:—

Register costs £52 10s.
Worth in ten years £26 10s.
Net cost £26.

A man who paid £52 10s. for a Register last year upon the specific assurance that prices would not be reduced, and at the end of ten years the machine would be worth £26 10s., now finds that the price of a new machine of the same kind is £13.

We are glad to know that purchasers of this Company's registers in various parts of the country are uniting to protect themselves against the action of the Company as described by us in earlier issues. In Glasgow, a leading tradesman is organising for the purpose of bringing a test action. In Leeds, the Wine and Beer Sellers' Association, a powerful organisation, nearly all of whose members use the registers, propose to collect funds to carry a test case to the House of Lords if necessary; in London a similar movement is on foot. Throughout the country our advice to fight is being acted upon.

Meantime, individual pressure is being applied. The Company are asking for time to consider the position, but all are not willing to give it. For example, Messrs. Boston and Sons, leading fish and fruit sellers of Leeds, ordered a machine—they had bought several previously—in April, 1908. It was delivered in October, 1908, and the price paid was £131 5s., less discount. In February, 1909, the Cash Register Company was selling the same machine for £93. Messrs. Boston and Sons demanded the difference. The Company would not pay. Thereupon action was threatened, and Messrs. Boston and Sons got a cheque for the difference demanded—£38. Messrs. Newly and Sons, who control the business of Boston and Sons, are now demanding the difference on other machines in their possession, their claim amounting to £160.

In Liverpool a test case will be tried in about ten days' time. We hope the action of Glasgow, Liverpool, Leeds, and other great towns will move (as we have reason to believe it will) London tradesmen to act similarly.

OCEANA DEVELOPMENTS.

"From information received," as the constable says, we have good reason to believe that one of the next shares to have a sharp rise in the Kaffir Market will be Oceana Developments. The capital of the Company is £150,000 in £1 shares, and the present price is about 6s. We understand that certain negotiations which have been on hand for some time have culminated satisfactorily, with the result that the prospects of the Company have most materially improved. Kaffir speculators and investors will therefore do well to keep an eye on "Oceana Devils."

LAW GUARANTEE TRUST AND ACCIDENT SOCIETY.

In our issue of May 22nd we called attention to the apathy of the press and the general body of shareholders towards the position of this Society. We referred especially to the heavy call recently made upon the shares—rendering it impossible for holders to even give them away. We now have reason to believe that an active movement is about to be set on foot at the instance of the outside shareholders with a view to obtaining a full investigation into the position of the Society. The result should prove illuminating.

The Prudential Assurance Company has applied to the Courts for the winding up of the Crystal Palace Company. The share capital in £90,000, upon which no dividend has been paid. There are also 3 per cent. Debenture Stock issued for £250,000; 4 Per Cent Debenture Stock for £150,000; and 5 per cent. Debenture Stock for £90,000. Upon the last-named no interest has been paid.

We direct attention to the prospectus of the City of Porto Alegre, which is offering £600,000 (sterling) guaranteed 5 per cent gold bonds, in bonds to bearer of £100, guaranteed as to principal and interest by the State of Rio Grande do Sul, the bonds being issued at 93½ per cent.

The Rock Life Assurance Company, Limited, is likely to be amalgamated before long. Established in 1806, it transacts a large life business, new proposals for £431,539 being completed during 1908. Accident and employers' liability business was undertaken a few years ago, but it has not strengthened the position of the company. During the last six years the claims and expenses have amounted to 131 per cent. of the premiums received.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

FARROW'S BANK.—W. B. (Nottingham).—(1) Yes. (3) That is a matter for you. EDWARDIAN (Bath).—Yes, we think so. A. M. (Perth).—Ditto.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—CAREFUL (New Cross).—We have no reason to suppose that either of the brokers you name will not pay differences should there be differences to pay, but we strongly advise you not to indulge in Stock Exchange speculation of the kind suggested. J. H. (Cardiff).—Better have nothing to do with them. G. W. T. (Brighton).—(1) Have nothing to do with the concern you name. (3) The bonds you refer to are quite genuine. H. M. H. C. (Belfast).—We do not recommend "methods," since we have no wish to see the money of our readers pass into the pockets of touting firms. NOVICE.—Ditto. W. H. (Northfield).—Ditto. H. B. (Hackney).—We cannot advise dealings.

NATIONAL CASH REGISTER.—J. H. L. (Nottingham).—We can only refer you to what we have said on the subject in earlier issues. We note that you bought three machines, for which you paid £199 10s., "on the understanding that they would be taken back in ten years' time, and half the value allowed on a new machine, and also that the price should never be altered." If you can prove that, it seems to us that you have a fair case against the company upon which you can proceed. W. AND G. F. (Charing Cross Road).—We note that some two and a half years ago you purchased a slightly soiled machine from this company for 75 guineas, the same being one of those sold new at 85 guineas, and that you "were then guaranteed by their representative that the price of the registers would never be reduced." We certainly think that you and some of your fellow-victims would do well to join together to defray the cost of a test case. R. M. (Manchester).—We cannot advise you as to the best Manchester solicitor to employ. Surely you can find that out for yourself on the spot. J. B. H. (Chesterfield).—We note that you were an agent of this company, and that, although you finished with them on March 6th last, you are still unable to get either a statement of account or cheque. As to the registers you have on hand, we advise you to retain them as a lien until your account is settled. H. H. (Rochdale).—We note that you bought an 85 guinea cash register in the early part of 1907, a machine now listed at £30, and you had no reply from the company to your demand for compensation. As we have said before, in our opinion, the many victims of the company should combine for the purpose of action against it. ANOTHER VICTIM (Parkhead).—We note that in April of last year you bought a machine for £65 17s.—the same that are now listed at £15. Also at the time of purchase you were assured, in the presence of a witness, that there would be "no reduction for at least ten years," and even at the end of that time you would get "a fair sum for it." For the rest, see our previous answer. C. S. (Belfast).—Your only way is to put the matter into the hands of a solicitor. H. (Chesterfield).—We take note of your letter. J. A. V. (Sheffield).—See previous answers. P. L. (Lurgan).—We note you bought a machine for £30 of the kind now listed for £7 7s. You should join with the other victims in a test action. A. H. (Nottingham).—Ditto. ANOTHER VICTIM (Parkhead).—You bought a register from the Company for £57 15s., and were assured by the Company that there would be no reduction in the price of the machine for ten years. It is now reduced to £15. See our advice to P. L. J. B. H. (Chesterfield).—We should retain them for the present.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—A. M. (Perth).—Of the two we should choose Farrow's Bank.

MINING AND GENERAL INVESTMENT, LIMITED.—P. M. (Seacombe).—There is not.

RUBBER PRODUCTION.—G. B. (Liverpool).—We are much obliged to you for your interesting letter. The figures to which you refer were, we regret to say, very inaccurate.

LA LUZ DRAINAGE AND TRANSPORTATION TUNNEL COMPANY.—B. (Stockton-on-Tees).—We will see what we can do in the matter.

CARL HENTSCHEL, LIMITED.—S. E. P. (Canonbury).—We should prefer another investment.

GROS VERION.—F. J. (Chichester).—Your friend has correctly informed you.

LOTTERY COMPANIES.—J. L. (Bristol).—If, as you say, you are a working man, we strongly advise you not to risk your money in lottery dealings or similar undertakings.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE TIN MINES, LIMITED.—A. W. (Carrickmacross).—We see no likelihood of an early rise.

TWO SOCIETIES.—JOAN (Swansea).—We know nothing about either of them.

OZONIO COMPANY, LIMITED.—ST. MUNGO (Glasgow).—We should not recommend the purchase.

THE RUBBER TANNED LEATHER COMPANY.—RUBBER (London).—It would, of course, be a speculative purchase, but, if the statements of the prospectus are to be relied upon, there is a fair chance for the company.

CALICO PRINTERS' ORDINARY.—EXCELSIOR (Beauly).—We should hold for the present.

BRITISH CALIFORNIAN OIL COMPANY.—A. A. C. (Glasgow).—Very little. We do not like companies which, in reply to the request of a shareholder for a balance-sheet, reply that they are under the Californian law, and are not bound to issue one.

INVESTMENT OF CAPITAL.—C. H. B. (Norbury).—We regret we cannot help you in getting the capital required for battery and boring plant for a Rhodesian property.

THIRTY YEAR BONDS.—F. S. (Harlesden).—Our objection to 30 year bonds is a very simple one. It is drawing too heavily upon the future to take one, and, if you have to surrender it before it matures, you can only do so at very great sacrifice.

STOCKBROKERS.—C. C. (Newport).—We do not recommend stockbrokers.

CANADIAN PACIFIC DEAL.—PEGASUS (Southend).—You are quite right. Send us the name of the firm to which you refer.

MCDONALD AND COMPANY.—C. G. N. (Neath).—We advise you not to have any dealings with these people.

SUNDRY SHARES.—J. J. M. (Cork).—Of the shares you mention, we prefer those of Lyons and Co.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—J. F. (Inverness).—We should send the 5s., and have done with it. We return Mr. Mandeville's letter, and we can only hope that the promises contained in it will in course of time be fulfilled. We also return the letter from Messrs. Wetherfield, Son and Baines.

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.—A LADY.—We cannot answer your question unless you send us your name and address.

PURCHASE OF CONSOLS.—S. H. S. (Aldgate).—If you are content with the yield, the security is still first rate, and is likely to remain so, you may rest confident, even if the present Government, which is frightening so many worthy people, remains in office.

BALKIS LAND SHARES.—STRAWBERRY (Llanelly).—We do not recommend a purchase, and the same remark applies to Brownhill Extended.

ISSUING HOUSE OF LONDON.—S. F. S. (Driffield).—We advise you not to risk any money upon the solicitation of these people.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—P. S. (Kilburn).—Put the money into the ordinary shares of Callender's Cable and Construction Company, which, at their present price of £10 for the £5 ordinary shares, and allowing for accrued dividend, will give you practically 7½ per cent., with the likelihood of appreciation in capital value.

INFORMATION TO INCOME TAX COMMISSIONERS.—G. T. (Westcliffe).—No, the law does not require you to go into the particulars you mention.

VARIOUS SHARES.—BLIND BOY (Manchester).—All very speculative.

TWO SHARES.—A. W. D. (Liverpool).—We think it would be as well to hold for a rise, but sell upon any substantial improvemnt.

HARBORNE TENANTS, LTD.—J. E. (Birmingham).—In your place we should prefer another investment.

THE BRIDGE BRICKWORKS (CARDIFF), LIMITED.—J. P. (Birmingham).—We never advise applying for debentures carrying 10 per cent. interest. The security must be faulty to induce such an offer.

DARRACQ ORDINARY.—H. B. G. (London).—We do not think there is much likelihood of it at present.

FELTHAM'S BANK.—ONCE BIT, TWICE SHY (Birmingham).—We fear there is no likelihood of your getting back any of the money you deposited with these people. W. S. S. (Sheffield).—See previous answer.

PREMIUM BONDS.—HONESTAS (Horncastle).—The bonds are genuine, but the people who issue the pamphlet you send us charge from 20 to 30 per cent. above the market price.

HENDERSON'S ESTATE TRUST.—FLOAT (Edinburgh).—We fear you have forfeited your interest, but you should consult a solicitor.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

THE BRITISH IMPERIAL FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—REGULAR SUBSCRIBER.—You have not sent us your address, or that of the Society about which you want information.

ECONOMIC LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—A. G. N. (Canonbury).—We should keep up the policy.

TEMPLE FIRE AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—ACCIDENT (Birmingham).—We note your letter. You will see from what we say in another column that negotiations are in progress for the transfer of the business. LOVER OF "JOHN BULL" (Birmingham).—We should have said that this corporation is "trying" to dispose of its business. We had in mind negotiations with the London and Provincial Assurance Company, but these have fallen through. Another company has since been approached, but has declined the offer, and a third, as you will see on the previous page, has entered into a provisional agreement to take it over.

BRITANNIC ASSURANCE COMPANY.—O. P. (London).—We thank you for the report of the case of Doggett v. The Britannic Assurance Company. The Superintendent's admissions are, we agree, very disquieting.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—F. H. (Bradford).—We could not express an opinion without seeing all the papers. We advise you to take the opinion of a solicitor.

INSURANCE BROKERS AND THE GOVERNMENT.—F. S. C. (Earlsdon).—We do not know any firm of Insurance Brokers who would quote a rate for a little gamble "on the Government coming out and there being a General Election this year."

SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.—PUZZLED.—It is an office of the highest standing, and very attractive to new entrants.

COMPLAINT AGAINST ASSURANCE COMPANY.—W. H. (Upper Parkstone).—You do not tell us the name of the assurance company concerned. If you do so, we will answer your question.

UNIVERSAL INSURANCE, LOAN AND INVESTMENT COMPANY.—E. C. (Shorwood).—We advise you not to do so.

MANUFACTURERS' LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—J. H. (Cardiff).—It is a very respectable company. F. B. (East Dulwich).—It is a very respectable Canadian office making some headway in this country.

CITY AND COUNTY INSURANCE COMPANY.—J. W. (Liverpool).—We are not able to give you the information asked for.

BRITISH NATURAL PREMIUM ASSURANCE COMPANY.—L. Y. (London).—(1) Your correspondent is correct in saying that the British Natural Premium Assurance Company was taken over by the Progressive Assurance Company, which, in turn, has agreed to sell it to the National Standard Life Assurance Corporation, although the transfer is not as yet completed. (2) You are misinformed when you are told that the National Standard is "also in a bad state." It is a rapidly growing company, under very competent management. (3) The collector could not, of course, transfer your interest to another company in the way suggested. Our advice to you is that, assuming the National Standard takes over the business, you continue the payment of your premiums.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—RUBBER PLANTER.—You ask us if "taking an annuity from the Prudential Assurance Company is absolutely safe." Yes, as safe as if you bought Consols.

MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.—T. C. D. (Sheffield).—Probably the Mutual of New York is the best of the American assurance offices doing business in this country, but, like its competitors, its performance falls lamentably short of its promise. You refer to certain leaflets it is issuing, which, as you say, "distinctly state that all the conditions, guarantees, surrenders, cash values, and so on are embodied in the policy." No doubt, but they have been there in the past. That has not prevented the company failing to carry out its promises.

EASTWOOD AND COMPANY.—MEADOWS (Edinburgh).—We cannot tell you why Messrs. Eastwood and Co. have not sent you a statement of account in the ordinary way. Write again, and press them for a reply, letting us know the result.

LAW GUARANTEE AND TRUST SOCIETY.—J. H. G. (Liscard).—We certainly do not anticipate any further call immediately, and, for the rest, we do not know that at the moment we could usefully add anything to the remarks made in our issue of May 22nd, but we may have something to say a little later on.

LONDON, EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW ASSURANCE COMPANY.—L. C. B. (Stratford).—It is impossible for us to express an opinion upon the merits of the quarrel between yourself and the company, or to ask other agents to assist you in your appeal to the High Court. But we observe that, when you sued the company for the return of your deposit of £10, which they had retained on the ground that you owed them a larger sum, the Judge who heard the case at the Bow County Court decided in favour of the company.

PROGRESSIVE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—D. J.—We certainly think the proposed amalgamation will benefit you and others interested in the old company. We strongly advise you to support it.

GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—TIN RIBS (Morley).—Under the special scheme of the Gresham, by which it is guaranteed that the whole purchase money shall be returned (by way of annuity) as a minimum, you would receive rather over £60 per annum for £1,000 sunk. If you purchased an annuity under the ordinary (non-returnable) conditions, the income from the above sum would be about £70. The Gresham is in the front rank of assurance companies, and you need have no fear whatever that they will not treat you fairly.

NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE SICK AND ACCIDENT SOCIETY.—J. T. V. (Rotherham).—We do not know what you can do, unless you put the matter in the hands of a solicitor. We return your papers.

INVESTMENT IN BUILDING SOCIETY.—MONEY (Selkirk).—We should advise the selection of a better established society.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—J. F. (Lambeth).—We agree it is very hard to lose two-thirds of the amount you have paid in, but you would find it very difficult to get much more than the surrender value from an outside purchaser.

EQUITABLE FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—H. G. (Highgate).—We think the Committee are doing their best, and that the financial position of the Society is sound.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

MR. HORACE AVORY AS COMMISSIONER OF ASSIZE.

We have before us a copy of the *Eastern Evening News*, of May 21st, containing a report of two cases tried at the recent Suffolk Assizes, before Mr. Horace Avory, sitting as Commissioner. Any comment would spoil the effect:

THREE YEARS FOR ARSON.

The charge against John Tufts (24), labourer, of setting fire to a stack of hay belonging to Robert Palmer, at Lakenheath, on January 23rd, was proceeded with. The evidence had practically been completed the previous day.

The jury found prisoner guilty, and the Commissioner sentenced him to be imprisoned for three years.

THREE MONTHS FOR A FATHER.

Spencer William Plowman (33), carpenter, was sent to prison for three months for indecently assaulting Edna May Plowman (13), his daughter, at Ipswich, on April 10th.

DRYSDALE v. ROSEBERY.

It may seem very presumptuous on the part of Southrons to question a decision upon Scotch Law upon which the leading Scotch Judges are agreed, but none the less the opinion expressed by Lord Dunedin, Lord Kinnear and Lord Guthrie in the matter of Mr. Drysdale's action against Lord Rosebery would seem to Englishmen a strange one.

The first division of the Court of Session say that upon the facts as stated by his Counsel, Mr. Drysdale has no cause of complaint. For twenty years he was Lord Rosebery's factor, when suddenly he decided to get rid of him, and here, of course, he was within his right, provided always that he got rid of him in a proper way. But this is not what Lord Rosebery did. Having decided to dismiss his factor, Lord Rosebery sent down his Law Agent to Mr. Drysdale's office with a letter summarily ordering him to hand over his papers and cash-box. Here, again, Lord Rosebery was within his right, but it happened that the key of the cash-box, which was locked in a safe, was in the possession of a clerk who at the moment was away from the office. Thereupon the Law Agent, refusing to wait until the clerk returned, had the safe sealed up. A day or two afterwards the seals were broken in the presence of other persons, and the report says, and we can well believe, that "every person present understood there had been some embezzlement or fraud or breach of trust on the part of Mr. Drysdale." They could conclude nothing else.

Lord Dunedin was surprised that any objection should have been taken by Mr. Drysdale, and asked if Counsel maintained that if one put a factor or gardener into a house the master had no right to enter the house. What had that to do with the action complained of? Lord Dunedin said there must be "some right of investigation." Of course there must, but an employer must not act in a way that can leave only the impression that the man concerned is a thief. Lord Guthrie, not to be outdone by Lord Dunedin, made the extraordinary comment that "this was not a case of dismissal, but was done just as a bank inspector did. The whole keys of the bank were handed over to him during the inspection." Where is the similarity between the two cases? In Mr. Drysdale's case it was quite different. He had been dismissed, and in ordinary course he would hand over everything he had to hand over, including the cash-box, without any question of sealing safes. In this country safes are only sealed when there has been death, or when there is reason to believe that you are dealing with a thief. What possible excuse could there have been for refusing to wait until the key could be got from the person who had it, or for sealing at all, if there was not doubt as to the honesty of Mr. Drysdale? If Lord Rosebery and those who are acting for him had no ground for suspicion their conduct in sealing a safe in which there was money and in breaking the seals in the presence of third parties, was absolutely indefensible, and if Mr. Drysdale had been able to bring his suit in this country we think the issue would have been a very different one.

VOTING BY PROXY.

Mr. Watt, M.P., has tabled a Bill to abolish voting by proxy at meetings of companies. Why? We suggest to Mr. Watt that he would do better to adopt the suggestion made by Mr. Bottomley, when the Companies' Act of 1907 was before the House—and bring in a Bill to permit a shareholder to be represented by any duly authorised person. In this way, many a job would be detected by a business friend—and many a scandal averted.

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City of Porto Alegre

(STATE OF RIO GRANDE DO SUL).

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In JOHN BULL (June 5) we published the corroborative testimony of four clients, who, between them, had 68 deals without incurring a single loss.

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DOCTORS, PATIENTS, AND HUMANITY.

THE CASE OF DR. MORGAN AND OTHERS.

Some few weeks ago, we addressed an Open Letter to Dr. Morgan, a Poor Law medical officer of West Hartlepool, in respect of his refusal to attend a man found *in extremis* in the street, on the ground that the police officer who summoned him would not guarantee his fee. The man died, and the coroner's jury added a rider to their verdict, expressing disapproval of Dr. Morgan's conduct.

"Are you not too hard on Dr. Morgan?" asks a fellow practitioner, Dr. W. A. Davidson, of Uxbridge Road, W. "What would you have? What would you advise in the following circumstances? Take a day from my diary:—

> "*Thursday*—8.30 a.m.—Called to see child suffering from diphtheria—moribund—performed tracheotomy—life saved—poor people—cannot afford to pay fee. Spent hour-and-half over case. Busy visiting all day. Called to see child suffering abscess neck—father who called said he could not pay fee, but promised to pay when in work—no time to call parish doctor—found child *in extremis*—opened abscess. (Do not expect to receive fee.) Called at night drunken orgy—woman in top floor stabbed husband in arm—nearly penetrating heart—man on stair bleeding from wound head—woman in basement drunk and bleeding. Used 2s. worth of cotton wool and lint. (Called next morning, and door shut in face.) Was up twice same night at confinements—called again at 5.30 a.m. by husband of woman who had made no engagement with doctor to attend her—full time baby—husband out of work and no fee expected.
>
> "I could fill pages similarly. I have a wife and family to support and heavy expenses—I have only a certain amount of strength.
>
> "With every sympathy for a 'fellow creature fighting for his life in the shadow of death,' where am I going to stop? If I keep on as I am doing I shall soon be fighting for my life in the shadow of death, and what will become then of the widow and children? Will you and others show your sympathy by subscribing for their support? Surely common humanity would lead you to do this, as much as it should lead the doctor to lose his life in saving others."

On the same subject, "Overtaxed and underpaid Medicus" writes:—

> "Your open letter in your issue of April 17th, 1909, to Dr. Morgan, of West Hartlepool, runs on the frequent track of blaming the wrong person. The police ask for Dr. Morgan's stock, viz., professional attendance, but decline to pledge even the public funds (to which Dr. Morgan pays probably more than his just share) for payment of fees. If a starving man enters a restaurant and gets a meal, without being able or willing to pay, he can be legally punished. Such cases are every now and then reported, but the restaurant keeper is not branded as 'inhuman.' Be just, sir, and blame the right people. With the overhauling of the Poor Law system, I hope the pay of the new parish doctor will be more justly in proportion to the services liable to be demanded. May I suggest that instead of appointing one man at a sweating scale of pay, a just scale of fees for work to be done be arranged, and invite all medical men in the district who will accept the scale to send in their names, then let the patients select their own attendants, and each medical man be paid."

This is the matter in a nutshell. Everybody who is worth his place in the world performs a hundred or a thousand services for his fellows for which he never asks and never expects and never gets a farthing payment. In all service for humanity there is an element of sacrifice. What the hero offers is his life. All Dr. Morgan was asked to offer was his skill and a few moments of his time; and this offered, for all he knew the patient or the patient's family might have subsequently paid him a fee. If he had been officially summoned by the relieving officer it is admitted that he would have attended, because the summons in that case would have been a guarantee of money payment. Our correspondents have not carefully read our Open letter, in which we had severe things to say of the red tape that coils out of the Poor Law. We suppose it is all a matter of temperament. Many doctors are naturally big-hearted men; some are hard and frankly commercial. With the struggling doctor in a poor district who cannot get his fees for half the work he does, we have the keenest sympathy. "No cash, let him die," is not a motto to govern the work of the noblest profession in the world.

A Mechanical Engineer

Acute Neuralgia, Head Pains, Nerve Disorders—

Thousands and thousands of people, of all ages, occupations, and positions, derive such energy and vitality from Phosferine, that success, on their own admission, has been easily won. The *very difference* ino the social psition of all these people is a positive guarantee of the phenomenal efficacy of Phosferine. The most exalted personages and the humblest toilers emphatically assert that, since taking the tonic, work is easier, health perfect, and life at its best!

Promptly Removed.

Mr. W. Hyde Lay, 10, Golder's Hill Terrace, Hampstead, N.W., writes:—"I can strongly recommend Phosferine in cases of Neuralgia and Headache. No remedy in my opinion has so prompt and permanent an action in removing these distressing symptoms. I suffered with a severe attack for some weeks, and tried innumerable remedies usually prescribed in such cases, but only met with disappointment and failure. Noticing an advertisement of yours, I obtained a small phial of Phosferine and was astonished at the change it made in my condition. I am pleased to say the improvement has been lasting, and I am now quite free from the fearful pains that made existence so unpleasant. In headaches I have found its action most salutary and certain. I shall recommend it to my friends whenever opportunity occurs."—January 2, 1909.

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The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

THE HURLY BURLY.

By THEODORE DAHLE.

SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION OF HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Dr. Sykes, the Medical Officer of St. Pancras, is the moving spirit and the guiding light of a local School for Mothers. The object of this school, that of teaching mothers the elementary principles of their business, the oldest and most important in the world, has been so brilliantly justified by success that a School for Fathers has quickly followed. The half term has just closed, and after a brief interval of rest, the fathers will again begin their important studies. With mothers who know how to feed the children on scientific principles, and fathers who know how to whack them on scientific principles, St. Pancras ought to be able to look to a glorious future.

The Father's School at the "Mothers' Welcome" in Chalton Street appears not to be exclusively confined to fathers, for one of the early lectures of last season's syllabus was on Choosing a Wife. The school is as free to those who are not yet fathers as those who have been married before, so that the one will have a chance of learning how to get the right woman, and the other how to refrain from getting another wrong one. In the training for the domestic Marathon, the long distance race of marriage, I recognise that this is the imperative essential for those of my sex who enter for either the first time or the second. It is one of the most sorrowful facts of life that men do not choose their wives with nearly as much care and discretion as they choose their tobacco or their Scotch. If Dr. Sykes can teach them to become expert judges, to distinguish on sight, as it were, all the points which go to make up the best type for show and domestic purposes, he is entitled to a bonus from his pupils. I take it the Doctor recognises that scientifically figure and feathers are not necessarily the most important points to be considered in sexual selection, and that a woman may have a beautiful face without being able to make satisfactory pie. The elimination of the unessential is one of the first lessons in the science and art of choosing a lady for a permanent situation in the home.

An early lecture in the syllabus was on The Duties of Parents, which strikes me as being rather premature; it should have been preceded by one on The Duties of Husbands, but perhaps Dr. Sykes thinks that the three succeeding lessons, on the Feeding and Care of Babies, the Feeding and Care of Young Children, and the Management of the Family covers the ground. For my part, I do not care to see a husband feed a baby any more than I care to see him pushing a perambulator. In either of these employments he offers, to my mind, one of the most distressing examples of the infinitely awkward in the whole realm of nature. I do not doubt that for a father to know how to feed the baby is a branch of useful knowledge, for one of these evenings he may be left with it. But strictly speaking the baby is not his branch of science, and in a School for Fathers it should be an extra subject taken for honours. The management of the family is a different matter. Here the husband is in his own department, or should be. He is the Chief of Staff, directing operations and exercising what is called a general supervision, particularly over the cash box. And here it is where so many men fail. A man and his wife are one, but if the man is not that one he is as the worm which crawleth and is crushed. How to manage a family on the high principles of domestic science is consequently of such great importance to him, that it is absurd for him to be a husband and father until he has perfected himself in the necessary knowledge. Let the Suffragettes talk as they will, Providence never designed that a skirt should be equal to a pair of trousers.

I observe that a lecture on the Gain and Loss of the Mother Going out to Work occupied a middle place in the lecture course. Probably this was well attended; I trust so at least. One of the phenomena of marriage is that a large number of husbands send their wives out to work, while others keep them going at home. In some happy homes all work except father. This is the perfection of household management, and implies careful training and rigorous supervision.

In connection with the "Welcome" I learn that there are also evening classes for brides and bridegrooms. To complete the domestic education of St. Pancras all that is now wanted is a School for Widows; but I forget. Widows know everything.

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HUMAN DOCUMENT.—XLVII.

Can any of our readers help the writer of the following? If so, we shall be glad to put them in communication with him.

I am a wine merchant's assistant, and qualified to take charge of a branch establishment. I left my native place, a small town in Wilts, 13 years ago, to take a berth as assistant to a wine merchant at Chester; after staying there six years I left of my own accord to go to Liverpool, where I remained another six years. Still trying to better my position, I accepted a berth as manager in the wine trade, where the conditions of labour and hours were so severe that I had to give it up after eight weeks' trial. Since that time (twelve months ago) I have not obtained regular employment.

I married about two years ago and have one little girl. We have tried to struggle on, but the end has now come; we sold up our home and divided the money (which was very small) and my wife has gone home to her parents, and I have come to mine. Both our parents are poor struggling people, and cannot afford to keep us after our money is spent. If I could only obtain employment as a ledger clerk, assistant, or manager, within the next few weeks we should be saved.

My references from employers are excellent, and I am a steady, sober, honest and trustworthy man, 34 years of age.

MR. SLOAN, M.P., AND "JOHN BULL."

In our issue of May 22nd, we referred to the fact that we had received a letter from Messrs. Engall and Crane, the Solicitors to Mr. T. H. Sloan, M.P., complaining of the Open Letter addressed by us to that gentleman in reference to his connection with the Protestant Alliance, and the recent action of that body as to Miss Moult, the nun, who left the convent at Manningtree under circumstances which attracted public notice. We subsequently stated that we withdrew anything offensive which might be thought to attach to the word "bribe," and promised to enquire into the matter further. We have since been afforded an opportunity of seeing Miss Moult at the office of the solicitors above mentioned, and thoroughly questioning her about the whole matter. As a result we feel bound to say that we were somewhat mistaken in the view which we took of Mr. Sloan's action in the affair, which we are now satisfied was legitimate. This being so, we express our regret that any suggestion should have been made by us to give offence to Mr. Sloan.

BACON'S ESSAYS.—1909.

When James the First sat on the throne
(If I am not mistaken)
A great philosopher was known
By name of Francis Bacon.
And stirring essays wrote this man,
Yea, true ones, e'en to date,
And some of these it is my plan
To now enumerate.

He wrote an essay upon Truth
And one on Superstition;
He wrote of Vain-glory, forsooth,
And also of Suspicion.
Of Seeming Wise and Cunning men;
Of Envy, too, he wrote.
Hist'ry's repeated once again,
As, surely, one must note.

Another Bacon's come to light,
This year of Navy's need,
Who also essays doth indite
That admirals may read.
Vain-glorious, Cunning missives these,
Which Superstitions show
By trusting Fishers of the Sea,
Though Fishermen must *GO*:

Dark Envy peeps, while, Seeming Wis
Unto the powers that be,
Suspicion upon men he tries
To cast, that all may see.
He's essayed not on Truth's glad call
(For this, he's shown no cares).
Oh, may he soon be rid of all
His misera-Bell airs!

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Copies of Engineers' Reports, &c., will be sent on application to THE MANAGER,
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LATEST FROM JOHANNESBURG.
"AFRICAN WORLD" CABLES.
"Johannesburg, June 1st, 1909.
"The Waterfall Syndicate, Limited, has been taken over by a powe-ful group, which is restarting operations. Latest assays have given 28dwt. from Nigel Reef Workings."

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. CLEMENT SCOTT.

"EUNICE."

How splendidly dull! How triumphantly depressing! The dramatic barometer has fallen to "storm and gloom" with a vengeance, and we have all had to don our rain clothes to save us from a severe attack of "damp melancholy."

How can any theatrical manager in England expect people to buy half-guinea stalls to see such cheap stuff as "Eunice" at the Hicks Theatre for instance, when within a hundred yards or so they can enjoy a really fine entertainment at the Palace Theatre for seven-and-sixpence?

Not long ago there was a protest against the bad art and bad taste that existed in music-halls. Nowadays, it seems to me that most of the talent is to be found at the halls, and only inferior material on the legitimate stage.

Fannie Ward is distinctly clever in her own line, but as a powerful *tragedienne* she can never succeed, for she is physically unsuited to characters of the "Eunice" pattern.

And what a "mock melodrama" it is! Just think of any husband in the world hugging a murderess wife to his bosom and living happily and contented with her ever after. Isn't the situation too outrageous and preposterous altogether? Here is a woman who, to save the secret of her shame from being discovered, accepts an invitation to dine with a man and deliberately kills him, and after confessing the fact to her husband, is folded to his heart as if she had committed a deed to be proud of

Isn't it a pack of rubbish? Fancy carting such a bundle of nonsense over from America—far better to have left it on the "other side" to be appreciated—(I don't think)—by our brothers and sisters across the sea.

"A MERRY DEVIL."

What a strange mixture: What an *Olla-Podrida*. Highly spiced here and there, but at moments absolutely tasteless. To be quite frank, Mr. Fagan's play is a distinct disappointment, and does not lift him one inch up the theatrical ladder of fame. It is neither this, that, nor the other, and the consequence is that most of the actors and actresses themselves are fogged as to the author's meaning.

For the life of me, I cannot appreciate the fun of making a greedy pig of a man believe he has been poisoned by an iced drink after gobbling up dozens of green figs; and to see a gallant English nobleman rounding on a woman and belabouring her shoulders, doesn't make me laugh a bit.

Mr. Cyril Maude has certainly mounted J. B. Fagan's Florentine farce most exquisitely and sumptuously at The Playhouse, but after "Dickie," in the "Flag Lieutenant," Mr. Maude's Captain Bambazone is nowhere, and I do not think Winifred Emery either is seen at her best as Madonna Geralda Capponi.

By far the brightest item in The Playhouse programme is a brilliantly adapted one-act play called, in French, "Le Chauffeur," written by Monsieur Max Maury, proprietor of the grim little Parisian Grand Guignol Theatre, and done into English by Gaston Mayer—the clever son of a clever father.

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SUPPORT HOME INDUSTRIES.

West End Firm's Colossal Success.

Scheme for Re-Furnishing London Unanimously Adopted.

It would seem a colossal task to undertake the re-furnishing of London, but this is already in the hands of a well-known and old-established firm, the directors of which state that already their efforts have been crowned with great success.

There has long been working amongst the public the desire for improvement for home surroundings and a desire to render more beautiful that social institution which is the backbone of this nation.

There is no question that home is of supreme importance to the professional man and to those who shine in social circles The man or woman who does not feel confident in introducing strangers to the home because of its dowdy or old-fashioned appearance is handicapped considerably in the most important things in life.

Under the great re-furnishing scheme referred to it is now possible for any person in any walk of life to render brighter and more up-to-date the home by securing most luxurious modern furniture, and that without any heavy outlay.

Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander's hope must be surely well-known to every reader of JOHN BULL, and their scheme for re-furnishing London is one that is sure to appeal to all, for it enables those about to commence to keep house to secure the whole mansion of furniture or those who desire just to add, say, a comfortable arm-chair or a new sideboard, or a new bric-a-brac cabinet to their rooms, to secure the same without immediate payment of the full price.

It must be understood, of course, that Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander's system is not the harsh system so strongly condemned in the public press; indeed the whole scheme is explained by saying that those who wish to secure furniture and wish to defer payment for the same, £5 worth or £5,000 worth at cash prices with the addition of 5 per cent. on the same to cover booking fees, etc.

By this means customers get the advantage of cash prices with just this difference: an extra charge of 5 per cent. is made on all goods purchased on their deferred payment system, but this charge must not be confused with 5 per cent. per annum. It simply means that for every £20 worth of goods purchased a total amount of £21 is made, and for every £100 worth purchased a total of £105 is asked, although the deferred payments may be prolonged for some years.

It is certain that there are a great number of readers who would be pleased to know more of Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander's new scheme, therefore we have pleasure in stating that the directors of this well-known house will be pleased to forward full particulars to any address and to present to each applicant a splendidly illustrated book on furnishing, which will be found to contain many useful suggestions and ideas.

No person who appreciates the importance of a brightly furnished home and its comforts should be without this book. It is the most important work on the subject yet produced. Applications for the same should be addressed as below.

Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander will welcome a visit from any reader of JOHN BULL who desires to discuss furnishing, and, irrespective of the question of purchase, will be glad to arrange a tour of their palatial premises.

All applications for particulars and free presentation copy of the furnishing book should be addressed to—

Messrs. WOLFE & HOLLANDER,
252-256, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD,
LONDON, W.

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Telephone Nos. 1850 Gerrard, and 14299 Central.

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By Mrs. Bull.

Morning Gowns.

With the coming of summer grows the desirability of having some light pretty wrap for wearing at the breakfast table. A rather low-cut collar and loose sleeves falling away to show a rounded arm look cool and picturesque, and will aid the wearer thereof to form an inspiring mental vision during the hard-working husband's dreary routine in city or warehouse. A morning-wrapper is almost an essential for the young wife who keeps one little servant yet who works about the house a good deal herself, as directly admiring hubby's back is turned for the day, off comes the dainty light wrapper and the plain and useful working garb is donned. Accordion pleated nun's veiling makes delightful gowns of this type, the accordion pleating being so ornamental in itself that comparatively little elaboration in style or other trimming is needed. What could be prettier than a pale green nun's veiling, made to fall loosely from the shoulders, the edge of the skirt finished with a very deep flounce of the same material, but not pleated? Over the shoulders comes a very wide collar, likewise of the same material, edged with a couple of frills, each, in their turn, bordered with coffee-coloured lace. One of these frills is continued right down the front to the feet. Or again, take a breakfast-gown of rose pink crépon, made all in one, but gathered in round the waist by smocking, tucks or gauging. There is no neck-band, but falling low over the shoulders is a deep white muslin collar tucked and inlet with insertions of lace. The sleeves, puffed slightly to the elbows, end there in two deep flounces to the wrist, the outer one of pink crépon almost, but not quite, concealing another of white lace-edged muslin. Of course, when we come to china-silk, we are becoming luxurious, but really such wondrous bargains can sometimes be picked up at sales, that if home dressmaking is the order of the day, a silk morning-gown need not be such a dire extravagance. Picture to yourself, madam, a trained gown of the blue or pink that is most becoming to your complexion, the edge of the skirt finished by three simple tucks, while a square turned-down collar is bordered with a deep frill of the silk scalloped round the edge and button-holed in sewing silk of a somewhat deeper tone. The collar itself might well have a lace appliqué or silk ornament to give it a finish, while the loose sleeves can match the frill by being scalloped round the edge.

A Few Words about Trimmings.

Cords looped into a variety of designs, and silk, chenille, or bead tassels are a very favourite trimming for the newest opera wraps. The very latest of fashion's freaks is best described to those who have not yet seen it by the name by which the costumiers speak of it—rat-tail trimming. It is a round rope of silk about as thick as would be the tail of a remarkably plump and well-fed rat, and it is twisted and intertwined over coats, gowns, and even hats. Anything gold or silver, or otherwise metallic-looking, is quite "the thing." One large shoe firm is showing bronze boots and shoes, which of course have quite the correct metallic aspect.

TRADE NOTE.

The Territorial scheme has inspired one act of practical value and patriotic enthusiasm which cannot fail to do a great deal of good to a large number of the youths of London. Mr. Sandow, whose interest in everything that appertains to the improvement of the National health and physique, as has been demonstrated on many former occasions, came forward once again at the time of the recent boom in Territorial recruiting with an offer of a free physical development course for the men of the London Corps, and made his offer yet more attractive and generous by throwing in £1,000 as cash prizes for those "Terriers" who came through with the best improvement under his system of exercises. Just at present the men are in the middle of their period of physical training, and competition is very keen for Mr. Sandow's improvement prizes. On an average, each of the men taking part will have three inches added to his chest development, and a proportionate all-round improvement. If there were more men like Sandow who does practical things in a big way whilst others are talking about national needs, these same needs would much sooner cease to be needs and become accomplished facts.

FIFTH EDITION NOW READY.

BOTTOMLEY'S BOOK.

"THE BOOK OF THE YEAR."

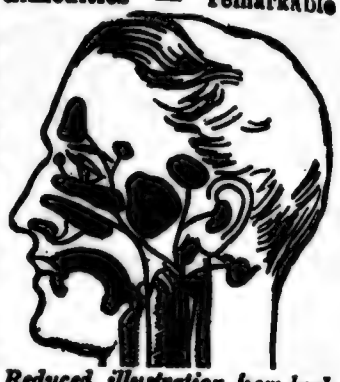
Popular Edition 1/-

FREE TO ALL WHO WISH TO CURE HAY FEVER, CATARRH, EAR, THROAT, & NOSE-BREATHING DIFFICULTIES.

A Gift Book by Patient and Doctor, Discoverers of a Remarkable "Breathing Cure" which Clears Air-Passages, Allays Inflammation of Mucous Membrane and Banishes Discharges.

No Sprays—No Operations—No Cauterising No Lozenges or Tablets—Cures During Sleep.

An informing book has just been published which tells of the joint discovery by a Doctor and his Patient of a remarkable cure for catarrh, hay fever, adenoids, polypi, and other nose, throat, voice, and hearing difficulties — remarkable because it calls for no sprays or injections—no powders to be snuffed—no operations—and no painful electrical cauterising of the inflamed mucous membrane. The new cure is further remarkable as it cures automatically during sleep.



Reduced illustration from book (gratis) showing centres of catarrh, hay fever, etc., in the head.

Every reader afflicted with catarrh knows how this hitherto incurable complaint prevents proper breathing. The nose is unable to do its duty of filtering, moistening, and warming the air, and the *mouth* is called upon to do the work *as well as it can.*

As a result of this *extra* duty of the mouth, the breathing becomes inefficient and shallow, and frequent head and chest colds are "caught" because of improperly inspired air entering the system. (The nose, of course, is intended to warm as well as filter and moisten the intaken air.) The nasal air-passages—by disuse—become more and more obstructed, causing adenoids and polypi, which in the past have generally had to be operated upon by the surgeon.

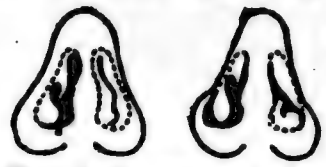
The falling back down the throat, or on to the back of the tongue, of the poisonous, evil-smelling, slimy, mucous matter causes bad breath, a bad taste in the mouth, offensive expectoration and voice difficulties.

The hearing sometimes becomes affected, the head feels hot and the eyes dry (with reactionary spells of acrid watery discharge from nose and eyes).

The mouth-breathing aeration of the blood are also handicapped by the accumulation of phlegm in the bronchial tubes and lungs

The pent-up catarrhal slime often gets into the stomach, the liver, kidneys and bladder, seriously interfering with their functional ability. It often gives rise to catarrh of the stomach.

The joint authors of the discovery—as the result of a fruitless quest for relief and cure—were led to experiment along the line of "the First Cause"—the nose and its respiratory function.



The book contains illustrations showing how the nasal air passages are affected in hay fever, catarrh, adenoids, polypi, and nose-breathing, hearing, smelling and tasting troubles.

The layman it was who made the first enlightening discovery. A singer, he discovered how *the air passages could be* freed. (Read in the author's free book how it "un-stops" the most stopped-up nose.)

Upon this first-step discovery has been built an anatomical-physiological cure, the details of which are given fully (illustrated) in the authors' book, which can be obtained by sending a penny stamp.

And it is this greatly increased inflow of fresh air that is so powerful to cure hay fever, catarrh, adenoids, polypi, and other ear, throat, voice, and nose-breathing difficulties. Inflowing with all the 15lbs. to the square inch pressure of the outside atmosphere, the closed in—because more or less disused—nasal air passages and cavities expand to their natural size and air-supplying capacity. The fresh-air is in itself powerfully Anti-Catarrhal in effect.

In one night the nose, ears, tongue, throat and voice give evidence of the good work of the cure.

In one week the nose and mouth both cease to discharge catarrhal matter. The brain, eyes and ears feel clear, and the mouth, throat, and breath clean and sweet.

It is the special desire of the discoverers of the cure that all who have hay fever, catarrh, adenoids, polypi, hearing, throat, voice and nose-breathing, difficulties should accept their present offer of a gratis copy of the book, "Respiratory Re-Education." Send penny stamp for its postage to the Publishers, "Respiratory Re-Education," 37, Rhycol Building, 130, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Will the Lords "foot" the Finance Bill?
What do the Australian team think now of "dust" and "ashes"?
Will State Insurance insure the State?
Doesn't the Admiralty object to Bacon overdone?
Don't some folks call it the "*Poor* Milk Bill"?
Is the Imperial Press Conference a "flimsy" affair?
Will "Royal Botanic Society, Queer-street," find it?
Is it true that County Cricket is "played out"?
Did Tree cry off "The White Prophet" because he could see none in it?

The Bishop of London has been praising the theatres. As a clergyman he approves of good acts.

According to Dr. F. Gowland Hopkins, the proper diet for mankind is man. We will have him "roasted."

He: "Did you read the accounts of the life-saving helmets?"
She: "No. I preferred the article about those killing hats."

The Prince of Wales says "the rule of thumb is dead." But many still like a finger in the pie.

Hobbs and Fry gave the Australians a warm time.

Headline—Swinburne at Sotheby's. More Spiritualism?

Mustafa, the ex-Sultan's tobacconist, has been sentenced to death. He Mustafa given offence,

At Eton, a bird has built a nest in a boy's silk hat. Was it a lark?

The Miss Bell who has been robbed by Kurds should have kept out of the whey.

In Nebraska, several men have been fined for swearing over the telephone. Cursory remarks, they pleaded.

Curious that it should be so easy to take a girl in by taking her out.

The proposal to abolish the postman's Christmas-box will not be welcomed by the men who like to have a bit in hand.

"The possibilities of Salvation Army music are but dimly apprehended," says the *War Cry*. But what about the makers of it?

Mr. T. P. O'Connor says that Home Rule for Ireland is in sight. Which way is he looking?

"A Censor of Smells," reads a headline. A sort of new-scents inspector, we presume?

"The Red-Hot Crown" is the title of a new book. Of course the hero burns his fingers?

"Why should not artists design gowns for their sitters?" asks the *Gentlewoman*. Some certainly require them.

Curious that however clever a 'Varsity man may be, he can only get on by degrees.

A new liner is called the *George Washington*. Yet she will always be "lying" off somewhere.

"People who build castles in the air are never sure of their ground," says a cynic. But they come to it sooner or later.

"Small General for disposal at once," reads a *Star* advertisement. We wonder which it is?

At a Crewe inquest it was stated that the woman had not been to bed for years. She must have heard that more people die in bed than anywhere.

"Poets on Strike," we read. Work is always averse to them.

RESORTS FOR CELEBRITIES:—

Lord Roberts—Shooter's Hill.	Lord Charles Beresford—Crewe.
Bishop of London—Holyhead.	Mr. Lloyd George—Andover.
Sir Fredk. Treves—Ealing.	Sir Thos. Whittaker—Potter's Bar.
Jack Johnson—Cosham.	Archdeacon Colley—Fakenham.
Mr. Joseph Lyons—Sandwich.	"Larry Lynx"—Goodwins.
Tod Sloan—Ryde.	Mrs. Pankhurst—Isle of Man.
Mr. Lever—The Wash.	Sir Walter Gilbey—Newport.

Comfortable Chins.

After shaving, nothing will give such a cool, comfortable, velvety feeling to the chin as ICILMA FLUOR CREAM. Used overnight, it softens the skin, makes shaving easy, and prevents roughness, redness and soreness.

Of all Chemists, 1s. Send 2d. for sample to
ICILMA CO., LTD. (Dept. 5), 14a Rosebery Avenue, LONDON, E.C.

Icilma Fluor Cream

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Established 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ PER CENT. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts, repayable on demand.
2 PER CENT. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All general Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary

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WHO WEAR

CURZON'S GOLD MEDAL TAILORING

Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P.
Dr. Allinson.
Mr. Eustace Miles.
Mr. Dudley Hardy.
Mr. Lionel Brough.
Mr. R. G. Knowles.
Mr. Matheson Lang.
Mr. Montague Holbein.
Mr. Carl Hertz.
Rev. Canon Davidson.
J. P. Downey, M.P.
Hon. G. E. Foster, M.P.

Why not let us make your clothes?

SUITS TO MEASURE
23/6 to 50/-
Even our lowest quality suits have been valued at £3 3s. 0d.
We supply you with a Smart Suit cut in latest style, fitting you perfectly and guarantee satisfaction or refund money.

SEND POSTCARD for FREE PATTERNS.

Together with patterns, we send you fashion plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement tape measure; all sent free and carriage paid. Whether you call to be measured or whether you measure yourself by aid of our simple self-measurement chart we guarantee to fit you. If you are not thoroughly satisfied with style, fit and appearance, we refund the amount of money you pay in full.

Suits to measure, cut in latest style and perfectly finished, from 23/6

Awarded Gold Medal, Franco-British Exhibition.
Read our unique list of unsolicited testimonials.
£5,000 forfeited if not absolutely genuine.
Complete Satisfaction Given or we Refund Money.

CURZON BROS. Go to Curzon's

The World's Measure Tailors,

MAIL ORDER DEPT. 60-62, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.
(Within five minutes of Moorgate Street, Metropolitan, and Tube Railways, and Liverpool Street Railways.)
Those residing in London should call.
Exhibitors at the Imperial International Exhibition (White City), Stand No. 137, Industrial Section.

SEASICKNESS CAN BE CURED.

We are quite satisfied from the numerous tests we have made, and from the many enthusiastic testimonials we have received, that we have discovered an infallible preventative of Seasickness, Trainsickness, &c. The worst sailor need no longer fear a sea journey. "Zotos" fulfils every claim we make for it, and being absolutely free from all injurious drugs and having no bad after-effects, even the most delicate may take it with absolute safety. It is excellent in the case of children when half the contents is emptied away.

"Zotos" is contained in small capsules. The capsules are of gelatine, quite tasteless, easily swallowed whole, and readily soluble. "Our booklet, "How Seasickness is Prevented," with pamphlet of testimonials, sent free on request.

ZOTOS, LTD., 32, Theobalds Road, London, W.C.

OUR FREE OFFER TO ALL.

HAPPY AND STRONG

are the men who were once ill and weak, who were always nervous and trembling, and who never knew what it was to enjoy peaceful sleep through Neurasthenia, etc.

They are now free from pain, and awake refreshed and full of energy, are light-hearted and self-confident, and the secret is

DAMAROIDS—THAT'S ALL.

This grand force is the only natural restorative; the only certain means of curing ailments of a nervous and debilitating character. All who suffer in this way should lose no time in investigating the claims of "DAMAROIDS." They fill the body with nerve-life, warm the blood, and restore both physical and mental energy. In order to prove our claims, and that the public may know more about "DAMAROIDS," we are prepared to send a FREE SAMPLE and interesting pamphlet to those interested in the development of vigorous manhood.

Do not delay! Call if you can. If you can't call, cut out this advertisement and send it to us to-day, and we will mail you the book and sample by return, if you enclose two stamps for packing and postage.

"DAMAROIDS" are to be obtained at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per box, or the Special Extra Strong, 11s. per box, which take effect in a few minutes. Call or write, "J. B.," HYGIENIC STORES, LTD., 85, Charing Cross Road, London. Tel.: 13215 Central.

What is Your Number?

See page iii. of cover.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc., which will be duly acknowledged.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor can accept no responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* **when stamped, addressed envelopes are sent for the purpose.**

W. R. (Sligo) replies to J. W. (Glasgow) that the medical anæsthetic deaths during 21 years were 46,112, the dental ones 4. He adds: "During a fairly long experience of anæsthetic work, I have only met one medical man outside London who understood how to administer gas. The majority of provincial doctors are absolute duffers at this work."

F. R. H. (Holbeach) says that the Highbury Furnishing Company informed him that if he sent "a definite order with references it should have attention. No deposit was necessary, but it was advisable, to save time, to send the first month's instalment." He thereupon sent 8s. and gave the names of two references, but no goods arrived, and, after writing twice, he was informed that he must furnish a security or they would not proceed any further in the matter, and could only ask him to select goods to the value of 8s. F. R. H. then demanded the return of the money and not getting it, issued a summons—which resulted in the amount being refunded. It's an old trick.

G. D. (Pontypool) sends us another sample of the "M. A. Winter Co.'s" bunkum, the "dear friend" to receive the offer of the "high-class" and "dignified" position of touting for purchasers of quack medicines being a girl of sixteen.

C. H. (Tottenham Court Road) has also received one of the circulars, and says that Winter's methods injure all postal advertisers. By the way, we note that the concern is using the American mails as its bait carriers; though we were under the impression that a "Fraud Order" debarring them from doing so had been made against them. If not, why not?

H. M. C. (Ashby-de-la-Zouch) AND OTHERS.—Obvious misprints do not qualify for a biscuit, even when they are about cricket.

G. S. P. (Kudat, N. Borneo) says it is so hot that the very postage stamps perspire. No need to give them a licking.

G. N. C. (Lausanne, Switzerland) sends the following extract from "The 20th Century Health and Pleasure Resorts of Europe": "Drontheim (Trondjhem), Norway.—A few hours from Hell. A warm place even in winter, where cheap arrangements can be made for a long stay."

E. A. C. (Landscape Terrace).—The mistake has been put right, but you might have taken the truss on trust.

"FUNNY FRED" (Nottingham).—You would certainly have no check on the accounts of the competition at Middelburg.

E. P. (Acton) says that Mr. Lloyd George is a member of an Ealing Golf Club, and that having recently rewarded a small boy with a penny for finding a lost ball, was asked by the urchin for an extra halfpenny so that he could get a half-ounce of 'baccy! But the story lacks corroboration.

H. L. (Glasgow).—A Jew is perfectly eligible for the position of Prime Minister, and has not in any way to renounce his religion. We note what you say about our friend, Councillor Andrew Scott Gibson, of your city.

W. H. T. (Manchester) sends us a cutting about Lent, explaining that the 46 days from Ash Wednesday to Easter are, for fasting purposes, reduced to 40 by the fact that Sundays are feasts. He writes: "I thought everyone knew there were only 40 days in Lent, including Ash Wednesday." Then he abuses the writer of the paragraph for lamentable ignorance, unworthy of a child of 8, and wants us to hold him up to ridicule and contempt. But the writer happens to have been right! W. H. T. has lived and learned.

E. G. E. (Southampton) sends us a curious collection of trick circulars and advertisements. He says that an advertisement of a Shepherd's Bush lady desirous of parting with her 56-guinea grand piano for 15 guineas has been appearing almost continuously for at least three years in the *Daily Express*. He inspected the instrument two years ago and found it to be of the shoddiest class. He also calls our attention to circulars left at houses by B. Pascall and Co. (no address) and Comyn and Co. ("Commission Salesmen, Manchester"), who, he says, are exponents of the well-known "Drapery Trade Depression" trick—*i.e.*, show samples of excellent goods at ridiculously cheap prices, book orders and, on the strength of the confidence by that time inspired, sell for spot cash a worthless dress length or some other shoddy line, the booked orders, of course, never being carried out. He also wishes us to warn readers against the gangs of boys, frequently dressed in uniform, who call at houses for the purpose of selling tin articles, the main inducement to purchase at an exorbitant price being that it will help a charity. He says that the boys are not in many cases the inmates of a *bona fide* "home," but have been advertised for. Another objection, which E. G. E. does not mention, is that, as a recent case showed, the lads are often treated cruelly by their exploiters. Finally, in reply to W. E. (Highbury), he says Gardiner was tried at Ipswich upon both occasions, before a Suffolk jury.

H. K. B. (Leeds) says that "Bottomley's Book" "has struck a note which, as it goes thundering and reverberating along the corridors of time, will awaken the people from their apathy." Hurrah! We thought as much.

"JOURNEYMAN" (E. Finchley) says: "All the bakers' ambition is to give the best possible value for cash. Nearly half the bakers are working for a miserable wage." He wants Government to regulate the price of bread. What about the price of the Derby winner?

B. D. V.

Cigarettes

STILL

10 for 2 11/2 d.

20 for 5 d.

JUST AS BIG, AND JUST AS GOOD AS EVER.

After the Match

don't forget that you will be wanting your "flannels" cleaned in time for the next fixture. If you let us have them on Monday, they will be ready on the following Friday, and there will only be 1/- to pay. We have been cleaning flannel goods for over thirty years, and our experience enables us to overcome the disadvantages of ordinary "washing," which results in deterioration of colour and shrinkage. It won't cost you much to examine this claim, and we are content to abide by your decision. Write to-day for our Catalogue and address of nearest branch or agency.

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FIRE. LIFE. ACCIDENT. HOUSE PURCHASE.

The Corporation issues prospectuses with entirely new features in all departments of business. Agency applications invited. Write for prospectuses, and particulars of Agents' Progressive Bonus Scheme.

Chief Office, 45-49, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

MATRIMONIAL TIMES,

The Best and Quickest Introductory Medium for all desiring a Matrimonial Alliance. In sealed envelope, 6d.—Editor, Room 12, 5, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C. Telegrams, "Amatorem, London."

"All Rubber." "All British."

KEMPSHALL

"Always Grip." **TYRES** "Never Slip."

Look out for the NEW KEMPSHALL DETACHABLE RIM.

The Kempshall Tyre Company of Europe, Ltd.,

1, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C.

Telephone No.: Gerrard 944 (two lines). Telegrams: "Studless, London."

Agents for the United States: Messrs. Cryder & Co., 38, Park Avenue, New York.

Non-Skid Tyre for Heavy Cars — C.D.C — Anti-Skid Tyre for Light Cars

Why Be Content To

Earn

Less

Than

You Could Be Earning?

There is no sufficient reason why you should be content with your present earnings. Whatever your age, position, leisure, or circumstances may be, a practical way to a better salary is opened to you by the International Correspondence Schools.

The I.C.S. will give you, by correspondence, the precise training which will qualify you for advancement; either in your present work or in some more congenial occupation, and the "I.C.S. Students' Aid Department" will stand behind you in the matter of employment.

Thousands of men and women have improved their position in this way during the 18 years the I.C.S. have been in existence. For instance, Mr. Chas. E. Appleton writes under date April 17, 1909:—

"It gives me great pleasure to thank you for your efforts in securing me another situation. My application has now been successful, and I have commenced work at more than double my former salary. Considering that I have only been a student for about three months, the trouble you have taken on my behalf has been satisfactory to a degree."

Isn't it well worth your while to get full particulars? Mark the Coupon, or write us a letter or post-card.

Registrar, 96, INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Ltd., (Dept. K.), International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.

I am interested in your system of Technical Training and desire to increase my earning power. Please send me, post paid, free of charge, the book covering the subject before which I have marked x on the Coupon, and full information showing how I can succeed in same.

Architecture.	Gas Engineering.
Mechanical Engineering.	Machine Shop Practice.
Electrical Engineering.	Textiles.
Structural Engineering.	Steam Engineering.
Civil Engineering.	Analytical Chemistry.
Sanitary Engineering.	Mining Engineering.

Name ..... Age .....

Street .....

Town ..... Occupation ..... 12/6/09.

Residents of the following countries should address the respective I.C.S. branches:—

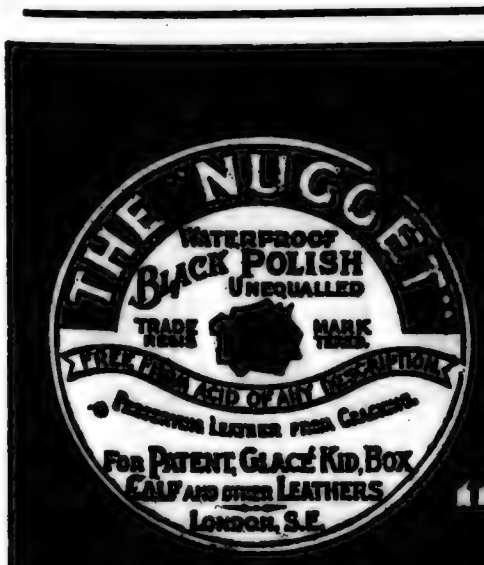
CANADA—Toronto. NEW ZEALAND—Wellington.

INDIA—Port Bombay. AUSTRALIA—Sydney.

SOUTH AFRICA—Cape Town

As you write use the best ink. The best is AZURYTE. Order it at your Stationers. All Stationers sell it. In bottles 1d. to 3/- each.

F. MORDAN and CO., 326, City Road, London.



USE "NUGGET" POLISHES "DOUBLE the LIFE of your BOOTS"

A. J. W. (London), apropos our protest against the Sunday postal and telegraph hours being further curtailed, sends us correspondence he has had with the Postmaster-General, in which the Secretary says that "there is no certainty that a telegram handed in within half-an-hour of closing time will be delivered the same day." A. J. W. rightly observes, "A pretty state of affairs, and another reason for hurrying up that Business Government."

Mr. R. G. BLACKWELL (Manager of the London Division of the Society of Seagoing Stewards, 199, Barking Road) thinks we have not made it sufficiently clear that he is in no way connected with the Blackwell, of Canning Town, to whom we referred in our issue of May 15th. He protests that there is "no other Blackwell, of Canning Town," but that is rather a large proposition. However, he should know better than we do.

J. L. D. (Brighton) wishes us to present a petition to the House of Lords to throw out the Budget, and predicts that we should get two-thirds of the British public to sign it. But petitions cannot be presented to the House of Lords in that way.

MR. DAVY STEPHENS favoured us with a visit prior to his return to Ireland after his thirty-sixth pilgrimage to the Derby. We are glad to say that "Davy"—who must be well-known to many of our readers—is in excellent health, notwithstanding his 56 years' exposure to all sorts of weather at Kingstown, selling papers to travellers. We congratulate him upon following "Larry Lynx's" tips and returning to Ireland with a light heart and heavy pockets.

E. A. B. McC. (Forest Gate) sends us some interesting correspondence with Lady Blount's Medical Aid Society, of 9, Newman Street, Oxford Street—which suggests that that high-sounding institution could advantageously do with a little investigation. Who is Lady Blount, and who are F. Kennedy and M. Herring?

M. C. (London).—The actor, Charles Mathews, married a widow, with one son named Willie. C. M. adopted this son and gave him his name. The boy's own father was one of the Davenport brothers, a conjuror, who used to be roped and put in a basket, and when swords were thrust through the basket, and the latter opened, the man had disappeared.

Dr. H. D. S. (Huddersfield) writes: "We all know well that hospitals are primarily intended for the use of subscribers. Soon we shall have complaints that subscribers to the Fresh Air Fund are having to pay for their own children's summer holidays, and that supporters of soup-kitchens have to buy their own soup." He says Charing Cross Hospital is a charity and that precautions must be taken against its abuse by well-to-do persons. Yes; but the precautions need not exclude civility. That was the point.

W. H. (Crewe) points out that the reader who told us that he recently avoided being fined for non-vaccination of his child, by pleading "conscientious objection," and then went off and had it vaccinated, is a fibber. He is quite right, because the plea of "conscientious objection" is no good when the stage is reached of prosecution under the Act. No such excuse is good unless a man takes advantage of it within four months of birth. It does not hold good if you don't make use of it at the right time.

"SEA-SALT" (Harrogate) says it was a doctor, not a dentist, who slipped a tooth-stump into a man's lung. We can well believe it.

"BON ACCORD" defends Aberdeen against "Fairplay," and says a Wesleyan minister "left it with tears in his eyes, owing to the unbounded kindness he had received there from all classes." "Bon Accord" adds: "I have met Englishmen like 'Fairplay' before, and much prefer Germans. I can safely say that, if there is anything wrong, it is because of the smallness of his own paltry mind, and the disagreeable qualities of his own heart." What *bon accord!*

T. C. (Liverpool) says he paid 2s. to a traveller of the Chiswick Stamp Co. (Mayfield Avenue, London, W.) for a rubber stamp, but has not received it yet, and they do not answer his letters.

A. N. R. (Smethwick) entered into an agreement with the Educational Book Co., Ltd. (210, Temple Chambers, E.C.), to take a set of the "Children's Encyclopædia" at £4. He has received 4 vols., and has paid four monthly instalments, but they now expect him to pay for three volumes before he receives them. The agreement is certainly very one-sided, and we are afraid they can make him pay; in fact, the delivery could apparently be delayed indefinitely.

F. P. (Liverpool) says that any Association professing to provide employment for inexperienced sea-cooks and stewards is necessarily a fraud, as well as a breach of the Crimping Act.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

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OF INTEREST TO FURNITURE BUYERS.

WHAT TWO GREAT PUBLICATIONS SAY ABOUT THE MIDLAND FURNISHING CO., LTD., OF HOLBORN, W.C.

In these bustling "quick rich" days it is indeed refreshing to find a business house that, instead of trying to squeeze the greatest possible profit out of a purchaser, treats a customer as he should be treated.

When we say "as he should be treated," we mean with civility and courtesy; and, above all, with fairness. Now a business house naturally expects to make a profit, but whether that profit is fair and reasonable or unjustly exorbitant depends upon the firm dealt with. The same remarks may refer equally well to quality as to prices. Now the public may well ask, "How are we to know what house to patronise? So many advertise that we cannot possibly judge." Quite so. Now a word of advice to all those who are in doubt may not come amiss.

Do not be guided so much by advertisements only as by recommendations from the Press.

We are referring in this article to the well-known Midland Furnishing Co., Ltd., of 17, 19, 21 and 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

Let us see what our contemporary *Tit-Bits* says about them in their issue of April 24th, 1909:—

> FURNISHING is one of those things it pays to do well; it is, indeed, one of the important things of life. A "home" is designed to last a good while, the variety of articles required is endless, and the economy of paying for good quality cannot be overlooked. . . . It is not surprising that these circumstances have produced the popular gradual-payment system, whereby a house or flat can be furnished without the purchaser being compelled to settle the bill in a lump sum on the spot. . . . Whatever prejudice there may be against it is due entirely to conduct which no respectable firm would stoop to. . . . A word of advice, however, may be given to those who contemplate buying furniture on credit. The character of the firm they select to deal with should be beyond reproach, and they should understand the varying methods adopted by different firms. . . . In some instances the purchaser is charged interest on the ordinary prices, and it may amount to as much as ten per cent. or twelve per cent. A notable contrast to this policy is afforded by the Midland Furnishing Company, whose custom it is to make no extra charge at all for goods purchased by instalments. . . . The quality of the work produced by the Midland Furnishing Company received well-deserved recognition at the Ideal Home Exhibition held last year; the firm's exhibit was highly commended by the judges.

Or again a few extracts from the *Daily Mirror* of February 10th, 1909:—

> THE best example of the methods and scope of an up-to-date firm of house-furnishing experts is to be found in the Midland Furnishing Company, of Southampton Row, Holborn. . . . Moreover, you can buy at factory prices on the Gradual Payment System. You can spread your payments over a period of one, two, three years, or even a longer period, and in the end you pay only the prices you see marked on the goods as you walk through the showrooms. This fact must be remembered. At the Midland Furnishing Company *the marked prices of the goods are the credit prices*. . . . The Midland Furnishing Company stands before the world to-day as the premier firm in the trade. This proud distinction has been won by constant adherence, through half a century of business life, to the essential factors of successful trading. Briefly epitomised, they are: Consideration and unswerving loyalty to customers. Fair dealing. Expert knowledge. Enterprise.

With these two glowing testimonials of the firm's quality, prices and system of business, what more is there to be said? One thing only. We heartily endorse all the pretty things said both by *Tit-Bits* and the *Daily Mirror*. They have recognised the first firm in the trade.

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Telegraphic Address: "ESPONJAS, LONDON."

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A daily newspaper, from which you are able to ascertain these prices exactly, is sent you free of charge with every order.

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A fixed interest of 5 % per year in respect to the number of days on which the transaction is operative, and only when such transaction is closed with a profit

2% £4 per 10 shares.	3% £6 per 10 shares.	4% £8 per 10 shares.	5% £10 per 10 shares.
Denvers	Atchisons	Canadas	Milwaukees
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Chesapeakes	Norfolks	Steel Pref.	Louisvilles
Missouris	Readings		N. Y. Central
Ontarios	Southern Pacific		
Southern Railway			
Steel Common			

An operator bought on February 22nd, 20 shares Steel Common and had to pay as a cover in respect thereof 2 per cent., or £8. He sold on June 5th at 69¼, his profit consequently being 22½ per cent., or £90. He therefore received back £90 plus the money paid over for cover, £8—*i.e.*, £98. If the market, however, had, for instance, *declined* 22½ per cent., then his loss would not have exceeded the 2 per cent., or £8.

GERSON, HAMSON and COMPANY, LIMITED.

Norfolk House, Laurence Pountney Hill, Cannon Street, London.

Telegraphic Address:—"ESPONJAS, LONDON."

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A careful perusal of these pages will enable the reader to thoroughly grasp the different methods in which to open an account. Being written in plain and easy language, it can be really understood by everybody. Read carefully page 46.

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.
("*Larry Lynx*" *of* THE PEOPLE, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* THE GLOBE.)

Should Copy Ascot.

The badge system inaugurated at Ascot last year is a big advantage, although it might, perhaps, be slightly improved upon as regards having a more distinctive pass. All big meetings *ought* to adopt it.

A Steeplechaser's Haven of Rest.

A correspondent in Ryde, Isle of Wight, makes the very sensible suggestion that owners of steeplechasers should utilize the firm sands there for horses. The tide goes out a long way, and horses who need a rest, as also sea-wading for their legs, could make capital of such a *venue*. There is plenty of good stabling, and it would be a rare good pick-me-up for the dear old Adansis or Orpingtons who for so long provide our winter sport.

Material Aids.

The best days to plan s.p. coups—and usually sought for by owners—are those upon which another and bigger meeting is taking place, so that practically the main interest of the majority is centred upon that programme. Furthermore, Mondays are advisable days, as, similarly, through "settling," no one pays very close heed to that afternoon's sport.

A Prevailing Habit.

One cannot help remarking upon the fashion becoming common for auctioneers on racecourses to conduct the bidding almost *sotto voce* among the little circle that invariably gets very close round the rostrum. Why it is one cannot say, but undoubtedly it is the case that those who intend bidding invariably congregate right under the nose of the auctioneer, so that he is practically talking to them. In consequence, it hardly becomes a public auction, for those on the far side of the ring do not hear what is going on, and cannot observe who is bidding or know the price at which the "lots" stand. Not only are the few who are the bidders immediately against the auctioneer, but not infrequently they get *behind* him and whisper their offers, so that he has to turn round, and is really whispering to a little knot of half-a-dozen who are inside the circle, or what is recognised as the pale of *public* auction.

Prophetic.

There is not much to be prophetic over this week, but it is obvious that on the Hurst Park running MAT OF THE MINT would win the Ardenrun Plate at Lingfield to-day (Thursday), while BENWHAT, who is a vicious horse, has a chance in the Ford Manor Handicap, for the Manchester running was obviously wrong. Of course, he won't win it, but what else but

MARATHON II.

dare we back in Gatwick's Selling Handicap on Friday, and EACH WAY this should anyhow be a safe investment. The big horse will relish the straight and severe course, while he cannot *always* be last away. It becomes compulsory for me to deal now—ten days ahead—with both the Ascot Stakes and Royal Hunt Cup, which at this distance present almost impossible problems. Nevertheless, I must as last year, believe in the obvious "paper" chance of

ASTICOT.

in the long distance event with RUSHCUTTER the danger; while liking nothing better than the recent Hurst Park failure,

ELECTRIC BOY,

in the Hunt Cup, for this is just his course and distance. POOR BOY, too, is in the race, but I wouldn't take *any price* about SIR MARTIN.

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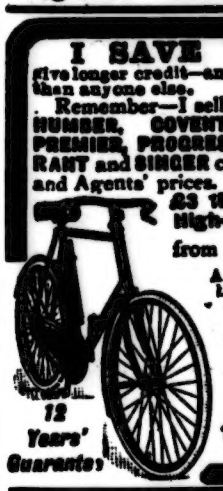

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The following claims have been received for the issues of April 17th, 24th, and May 1st:—

Mr. H. LOVERIDGE, Mandora Barracks, Aldershot. (No. 112469, April 17th.)

J. MITCHELL, 88, Oxford Lane, Siddall, Halifax. (No. 240314, April 24th.)

G. PUXLEY, 24, High Street, Galley Hill, Greenhithe, Kent. (No. 27859, April 24th.)

GEORGE WOOD, 13, Alexandra Terrace, Pelham Road, Cowes, Isle of Wight. (No. 100987, May 1st.)

G. O'DEA, 65, Bridge Street, Northampton. (No. 13276, May 1st.)

E. J. WOODARD,, 41, Sunderland Street, Brandon Colliery, nr. Durham. (No. 134019, May 1st.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of May 8th:—

410; 3987; 5604; 9000; 14971; 23487; 33447; 42039; 42131; 45456; 53341; 57883; 63180; 63275; 70116; 77369; 96804; 99640; 104103; 113973; 117683; 127986; 136442; 142336; 144352; 156067; 157163; 164887; 173441; 175656; 179683; 181630; 189479; 190842; 199622; 206170; 214335; 223498; 235970; 235992; 243481; 253486; [illegible]3611; 2[illegible]3914; 258794; 264075; 269487; 276408; [illegible]4972; 290771.

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JULY 17th (PUBLISHED JULY 15th).

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